JERUSALEM

ITS REDEMPTION AND FUTURE


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JERUSALEM

Its Redemption and Future

THE GREAT DRAMA OF DELIVERANCE
DESCRIBED BY EYEWITNESSES

BY

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NEW YORK
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

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FOREWORD

ONLY forty years ago, Palestine was, for the Jews, "The Holy Land," the object of devout pilgrimages. Pious Jews traveled to Jerusalem to pass their last days in prayer and in preparation for death.

With those who came to Jerusalem to die, there were a few young souls—children who had accompanied their aged parents or friends who refused to be separated. They grew up and lived the life of old people.

At this time, the entire population of Jews in Palestine, including the Sephardim, other groups of native Hebrews, and all the young and old together, numbered not more than 30,000 souls. Most of them were supported by the "Hallucca," a fund composed of the voluntary offerings of the Jewish world to perpetuate the service of prayer in the Holy Land.

However, in the midst of this life, which was lived in the anticipation of death, a new germ appeared. A few ardent and intellectual young Jews arrived in Palestine, possessed with another spirit. They desired to live and dwell in the land of their fathers, to sow the seed and plant the vine, and to awaken in the heart of their own people the fire of the ancient Maccabees.

The old religious men were hostile to this movement with which the younger generation became

associated, little by little. The first land was bought, the first colonies were founded, and supported later on by the Baron de Rothschild. Immediately, by a decree from Constantinople, the Turkish government prohibited all Jewish colonization and all immigration of Jews into Palestine. Nevertheless, numbers of Jews continued to arrive and the colonies prospered.

The pure air of Palestine vibrated again with the accents of the Hebrew language after a silence of 2000 years.

* * *

The story of the beginning of the great Transformation—the rebirth of Palestine and the redemption of Jerusalem—is told in this book in language which in many passages recalls the fervor of the ancient Jewish writers and seers. It will be read with intense interest and appreciation by all who love the Land which has been rendered sacred to Christians everywhere by the holiest memories and associations.

Of the contributors to the volume it may be said, briefly, that all have been chosen for the work because of their intimate knowledge of the ancient Bible Lands and more especially of Palestine itself.

Madame Ben Yehudah is a native of Palestine, a lady of literary distinction and the wife of one of the ablest Hebrew scholars now living, whose patriotism caused him to become an exile. She is the first Jewish writer to describe the historic scenes at the Capitulation of Jerusalem—scenes in which she was herself a participant.

Professor Kemper Fullerton writes from personal

experience of the conditions and hardships suffered during the long months while an enforced exodus of all foreigners was in progress, before the crisis which ended in capitulation.

Professor Banks, one of the best known of our American orientalists, has traveled extensively in the "Eden Land" and throughout Mesopotamia, and writes from personal acquaintance with conditions and an intimate knowledge of the races from Bagdad to the Bosphorus.

Mr. Waters, a member of the *Christian Herald* staff, who was called to special service in Palestine, vividly records his impressions of Jerusalem as he found it after the Capitulation.

Lieutenant Colonel Wardlaw-Milne is a British officer who has held important positions in the Indian and Mesopotamian service, and who knows the Near East thoroughly. His contribution entitled: "The Key to the War" is especially timely, as it tells of the wide scope of the plans of Great Britain and her Allies in relation to the establishment and safeguarding of the future autonomy, not only of Palestine, but of all the races of the Near East. It is a scheme which opens up a new era for all of the ancient Bible Lands—an era of progress and development and of absolute independence of Turkish and German tyranny, from which they have suffered in the past. These lands are now facing the sunrise of freedom and enlightenment and progress, and their liberation must therefore be viewed as one of the most glorious results of the great world-war.

I

WHEN THE WAR CAME TO PALESTINE

The Real Story of the Long Siege, Sufferings, Persecutions, and Ultimate Relief of the Holy City—A Glorious Hannucca of Joy and Gladness.

By Mme. Hemda Ben Yehudah

I

PALESTINE BEFORE THE WAR

By Mme. Ben Yehudah

IN 1913, the year before the War, the 35th year from the beginning of the Jewish National movement in Palestine, first under the terrible regime of Sultan Abdul Hamid and later under the Young Turkish Constitution—Jewish life in Palestine began to define itself as national in character.

The number of Jews in the Holy Land had increased approximately to 150,000. In the principal cities, Jerusalem, Safed, Tiberias, the Hebrews formed the majority of the population, counting 80,000 in Jerusalem alone. In Judea, Samaria, and Galilee they were in possession of extensive lands, and they had founded over 60 colonies. (A Jewish colony consisted of a town and adjacent territory, or it might be composed of only a group of houses and surrounding fields.)

The Jewish colonies were the marvel of the natives. From afar off, the houses could be seen rising in the midst of verdure, like oases in a desert. The dwellings were well constructed. The wide streets were adorned with dignified public buildings, schools and hospitals.

Domestic industries had arisen, including wine,

silk worms, olive oil and soap. Orange, almond and apricot orchards charmed the eye. The perfume plantations of roses, geraniums, and other flowers resembled a paradise. Cultivated fields extended so far that the aspect was like a sea of verdure, where formerly had been the desert wilderness.

Machine shops and factories were opened for the production of articles of building construction, household utensils, and agricultural implements. Arts and crafts were developed: knitting, weaving, basketry, metal work, lace, pottery, wood carving, jewelry. Commerce increased. The oranges, almonds, and especially the wines of Palestine won renown in the markets of Egypt, and on distant shores.

Jews from various parts of the world began to unite in the Holy Land and to become assimilated. Thus a new and healthy generation sprang into being—straight, well formed, filled with the pride of race and love of country.

The Hebrew tongue was the common language of this generation, and fired the Hebrew soul with patriotism.

The Old Turkish government under Abdul Hamid made no objection to this development of the Hebrew language, which they considered of "no importance." But they systematically impeded the progress of the Jews in every other direction. They issued decrees against Jewish ownership of land and colonization, against the planting of orchards, and the drainage of marshes.

On the other hand, the Young Turks granted some measure of liberty to the Israelites, but in-

sisted that Turkish should be made the principal language of the country.

However, these decrees of the ancient regime and of the modern Young Turks were only on paper. The regulations were never fully enforced.

Bakshish and camouflage admitted the advance of Israel.

The attitude of the Foreign Powers was different.

The French, who were popular in all Turkey, including Palestine, insisted upon the propagation of the French language throughout the country and the French Jews in their schools sustained this movement with ardor. Russia, anxious to extend her influence in the Holy Land, erected over a hundred schools where Russian was spoken, but most of the pupils were Arabs. Italian was the language of Italian schools.

The English were behind hand in this campaign of education. However, aside from the Christian Mission schools, there was one establishment for girls in Jerusalem (the Evelína de Rothschild school) where the children were zealously instructed in the Anglo-Saxon tongue.

In the midst of this rivalry, the Germans possessed the desire to dominate and to establish German Kultur in Palestine.

All these foreign efforts seemed to be at variance with the one language really beloved by the Jews, their own Hebrew, which expressed their own spirit and interior life.

A conflict was inevitable between the Jews dominated by foreign influence and those who strove to develop the National life.

The Nationalists were ardent in spirit, and although material wealth and power united on the opposing side, they wrung concessions from the foreign parties and above all from the Germans. Hebrew was not merely introduced in all the schools of the Hilfsverein of German Jews. It became the chief medium of instruction, and the Nationalists exerted all their powers to inspire the children with devotion for their national language and to make it supreme. Thousands of children chattered and sang Hebrew on the streets going to school. Hebrew became so popular that even some Moslem and Christian children were sent to the Jewish schools.

Many public buildings were erected, of which some of the most important were the German edifices, the Augusta Victoria Memorial on the Mount of Olives, and the Deutsche Katholische Hospiz near the Damascus gate.

However, a change was taking place. Instead of the usual ragged Turkish soldiers, one remarked the larger number of well equipped military, including officers in fine uniforms. The public supposed that the Young Turks were making reforms in the army, but it was singular that the improvements failed to extend to the civil administration; the Turkish Post Office and the railroad and telegraph system were remarkably inefficient.

It was reported that the Military Centre was being transferred from Damascus to Jerusalem, and the inhabitants of the Holy City rejoiced with a sense of greater importance and prestige.

Between the separated elements of the population amicable reunions took place where Moslems, Jews,



MOHAMMEDAN PROCESSION OF PILGRIMS APPROACHING THE MOSQUE EL AKIISA.

and Christians met together in one another's institutions.

There was a remarkable harmony between the various Jewish divisions; the devout orthodox, the free thinkers, and the Nationalists, now called Zionists, all seemed in accord.

The various Jewish schools united in reunions for festivals and excursions, under the one flag of the Zionists, and speaking one common language—Hebrew.

There was a general sense of happiness and prosperity.

The Jews awaited the opening of their fine Polytechnic schools at Haifa as an auspicious event, an expression of the Jewish National idea before the world, a demonstration of Hebrew as a living language.

These Polytechnic schools had been erected by Jewish contributions from all over the world, but especially from Russia, America and Germany. The curatorium was directed by a committee in Berlin. Instruction in Hebrew had been assured.

Therefore, when a courier arrived from Berlin, announcing that the instruction should be in German, the news was like a thunderbolt.

The indignant Zionists demanded that the German Jewish director (Ephraim Cohen) should go immediately to Berlin to reverse the decision. Mr. Cohen refused and advised submission. The Zionists united in a huge mass meeting and sent public resolutions of protest to Berlin.

The reply from Berlin was to the effect that not only in the new Polytechnic, but also in all German

Jewish schools in Palestine, henceforth the instruction would be in German, and Hebrew would be relegated to a secondary place. This declaration caused a revolution in the German Jewish schools. The professors went on a strike. The children tore up their German books and strewed them in the streets, crying that they would never return to the schools where their beloved Hebrew had been so insulted. Jewish parents took part in the demonstration. Moslems and Christians increased the agitation; the German director summoned the Turkish gendarmerie.

This caused consternation. The Consul General of Germany, Dr. Schmidt, who was present, addressed the children saying: "My children, what are you trampling upon?" They cried: "German books! German copies! down with the German! We want Hebrew, our own language!" The good old consul had been 20 years in office, and he loved the Jews. Now he saw that the Germans had overshot their mark and aroused the wrath of the Zionists. He, personally, would have yielded the point. But the German director was firm and finally called for aid from Dr. Paul Nathan, the German Jewish General Inspector of schools, from Berlin. He was "by chance" in Egypt, and he arrived on the scene in twenty-four hours, and installed himself in the Augusta Victoria Memorial on the Mount of Olives. All the "pourparlers" between the parties at strife were conducted through him, and to him the teachers of the Hilfsverein schools presented their collective memoranda.

The text of this document follows:

MEMORIAL OF THE HILFSVEREIN TEACHERS

Jerusalem, November, 1913.

Dear Dr. Nathan:

This memorial is sent to you in the name of all the teachers and principals of the Hilfsverein schools in Jerusalem. For years most of us have been active in Palestine; we have participated from the very beginning in the evolution of modern Jewish settlement here; from our personal observation, we are accurately acquainted with the conditions of the country. Our familiarity with the land and the people has led us to the unanimous conviction that Hebrew has a well-founded claim to be introduced as the language of instruction in all subjects taught in all schools of the Hilfsverein in Palestine.

On the strength of this conviction we decided at our teachers' meeting to send a memorial to the leaders of the Hilfsverein, the founders of our school system; and we cherished the confident hope that the Hilfsverein, which has repeatedly asserted the aim of its school system to be the strengthening of the Jewish Yishub in the country and the prevention of emigration, will recognize the justice of our view. We shall consider the language question from all sides, and state the reasons that have led us to our conviction. We do so in the hope that the leaders of the Hilfsverein will heed the opinion of those to whom they have until now entrusted the interests of their schools, and who, for their part, have honestly endeavored to promote these institutions and help them attain their present high degree of excellence.

First of all we would state that we consider it an absolute necessity for a portion of the city children completing the elementary course to learn a European tongue that will enable them to get into intellectual and commercial touch with the civilized world and will broaden their view by a knowledge of its literature. If they study such a language at all, they should acquire complete mastery of it.

The question then is, in what way this object is best to be attained —whether in the natural, direct way of learning the language itself by giving it the necessary time and energy, or by an indirect method. If a language with which the pupils are not thoroughly familiar is used as the medium of instruction in various subjects, the result is a confounding of instruction in the subject itself with instruction

in the language. The places a hindrance in the way of the child's intellectual development. From psychological, pedagogical, and national considerations, such a method must be condemned.

Under normal conditions the child entering school speaks a mother tongue which serves during his tutelage as the means by which he acquires all knowledge. He understands naturally what the teacher says to him. The teacher must develop his mental abilities and enlarge the field of his vision. In this case language instruction has only the one object, of enabling the child to express himself faultlessly both in speaking and writing. The child's spiritual harmony is not disturbed. He knows he possesses the language that will lead him rung by rung up the ladder of development. When the pupil grows older, and learns another language, he distinguishes between his mother tongue, in which he feels and thinks, and the foreign tongue, which he has learned for a definite, practical purpose.

In Palestine, where Jews from all countries of the globe have congregated and brought different jargons, a worse confusion of languages has arisen than anywhere else. To overcome this evil, the Hilfsverein did well to introduce Hebrew as the sole language in the kindergartens and the lowest classes of all its schools. As it is, every child learns Hebrew from its earliest years for religious reasons.

It would be natural if the same system were maintained in the upper classes; but that is not the case in our schools.

When the pupil reaches the classes where some branches are taught in German, both the teacher and the pupils find themselves in a difficult position. The subject is not taught in a language which the pupil has completely mastered, but in another language, which he has just begun to learn and of which he does not possess sufficient knowledge.

Clearly, such instruction is not practical. It is necessarily forced and unnatural, since the teacher must be guided not by the requirements of the subject, but by the poor vocabulary of his pupils. The constant repetition necessitated by the pupil's imperfect understanding of the languages results in loss of time and in lack of interest in the subject. No matter how much trouble is taken, the pupils acquire only hazy ideas, and so superficiality and sciolism are encouraged. The subject suffers by being taught in an unfamiliar language.

At the same time, it almost always happens that the teacher, who

must have his mind fixed on the subject, cannot pay proper attention to the sort of language the pupils use. Thus, the pupils, especially those who speak the German-Jewish jargon in their homes, become accustomed to faulty expressions.

This alone explains the remarkable phenomenon that, in spite of all our efforts, we cannot get the pupils to acquire complete mastery of German.

The instruction of history and the sciences in a foreign language, instead of helping to a perfect knowledge of that language, only does harm by encouraging its slipshod use. Thus, the subject to be taught suffers through the language, and the language suffers through the subject.

The pupil also suffers. He is burdened, oppressed. So far from love of knowledge being fostered, the reverse is true. Nor can the pupil acquire genuine love of the language that has placed so many hindrances in his way.

The conditions arising when certain branches have been taught for a number of years in one language and then are taught in another, are very peculiar. There is no small loss of time and energy. All the technical expressions have to be learned anew, and the unity of the language of instruction in a given branch is thereby interrupted, that unity of instruction of the pedagogical necessity of which the president of the Hilfsverein himself recently spoke.

Der Hilfsverein der Deutschen Juden has always asserted that its activity is adapted to the needs and conditions of the different lands in which it works—a very valuable, important principle, showing refined consideration of the people in question. In the language problem, too, it is of course the purpose of the Hilfsverein to take into account the conditions among the Jews of Palestine. They are divided into various communities, groups and strata, though the division is not necessarily the consequence of deep-seated differences among them. It results chiefly from the number of languages employed, which hinders a common understanding between them in the simplest matters. Even in relation to the authorities we constitute communities and not a community.

The only way of overcoming this evil is by making Hebrew, which all regard as sacred, the one language of intercourse. After the great progress it has made within the last few years, it is the one language that has the chance of becoming the sole medium of intercourse.

That is the only method of eliminating the differences prevailing

among the various strata of Jews in Palestine. It is high time for a union to be brought about between the Sephardic, Ashkenazic, Moroccan, Yemenite, and Bokharan groups, unless we would permanently constitute a negligible quantity in Palestine.

On the other hand, by spreading the use of different foreign languages among the masses, we should only be creating new lines of division.

There is imperious need in the land for good mechanics, small trades-people, industrious peasants, modest, industrious wives and mothers.

While the goal of our endeavors is to strengthen the elements that hope to spend their future in the country, we are, as a matter of fact, creating an intellectual proletariat that will not take root in the land.

On this point a few statistics are enlightening. Of a hundred pupils entering the lowest classes of our schools, only twenty-five complete the course. The remaining seventy-five leave at an early age without having acquired a rounded education. To this larger number of our children a foreign language is of no use. In fact, it produces discontent among them and estranges them from their environment.

Consequently, though we are endeavoring to increase the number that will remain and take root here, we are, as a matter of fact, by our measures increasing the number of those eager to leave the country. With our right hand we destroy the work of our left hand. The system is still less to be recommended for the education of girls, who at present have no position in the business and social life of our country.

As for the Teachers Seminary, there is a particular reason why in it all branches should be taught in Hebrew. The teachers here trained are destined to teach in Hebrew in elementary schools. Now, if in the Seminary they do not acquire even a Hebrew terminology, they are by this very fact insufficiently equipped. Every teacher is then obliged to make linguistic experiments in his school. The result is confusion and distortion of the language.

Finally, we would emphasize that from our Jewish national point of view we see in Hebrew the most important factor in the realization of our Palestinian ambitions. Are we not striving to obtain a position in the land of our fathers worthy of our people? Do we not wish to enjoy the esteem and privileges of a nation sufficient unto

itself? Or would we be satisfied to pass for a heterogeneous, polyglot crowd? We can become a homogeneous nation only if we substitute one language in place of the many dialects and jargons. That will be the sole way of converting ourselves from an inarticulate element into a stable, national element in Palestine.

The revival of the Hebrew language, therefore, is an ideal giving content to our life. Our schools must help in the advancement of this ideal in a still higher degree than heretofore.

Our children must know that they belong to an ancient civilized race, whose language enjoys high esteem in the civilized world. They must not receive the impression that our national speech is ill-adapted to the use of a civilized people. The school, therefore, should not hinder the development of the Hebrew language. On the contrary, it should be the very first to serve in the Hebrew revival going on before our very eyes.

Nevertheless, the study of German will by no means suffer in the schools of the Hilfsverein. In fact, it will be cultivated more than before, and those pupils who expect to use German later on in life will be allowed to devote the necessary time and energy to its study.

But our children should receive their general education in *our*, in *their*, language.

As a result of these opinions, the outcome of many years' occupation with the school question, we have come to the following conclusion:

That Hebrew has a well-grounded right to be introduced into our schools as sole language of instruction in all branches.

We hope that the *Hilfsverein der Deutschen Juden*, which has contributed so much to the development of Hebrew through the establishment of kindergartens and elementary schools, will look with favor upon our opinion and our wishes as herein expressed.

In this way the *Hilfsverein der Deutschen Juden* will show the Jewish world in general, and Palestinian Jewry in particular, that it has been chosen by Providence to re-establish the language of our fathers in the land of our fathers during the renaissance of our people.

Respectfully submitted,

Signers for the Teachers Seminary: David Yellin, prorector of the Teachers Training School and the Commercial High School and instructor in the Lämel School; Joseph Mejohas, A. M. Lipschitz.

Signer for the Edler von Lämel School: Joseph Riwlin.

Signers for the Girls' School: Vera Pinczower, Principal of the Girls' School; Ch. L. Sutta, Principal of the Training School for Kindergartners.

Mr. Ben Yehudah, the reviser of the Hebrew Language and the author of the Great Hebrew Dictionary "Thesaurus Totius Hebraitatis," wrote a historic letter to Dr. Nathan, saying that the Jews would never surrender the privilege of their language because it was the principle of their national existence and if one dared to open the Polytechnicum in German, blood would flow.

Dr. Nathan invited Ben Yehudah to an interview and begged him to influence the Zionists to submit, "in order," he said, "that the schools should be saved and all this new life should not be destroyed."

The interview proved ineffectual. The writer, who knew Dr. Nathan for years, since he had aided the publication of Ben Yehudah's dictionary, conceived a diplomatic idea, and with the consent of the professors, she made her proposal known to Dr. Nathan. His reply was to the effect that Ben Yehudah must betray his party. Madame Ben Yehudah replied: "Then the people would stone him —and I myself would cast the first stone!"

Dr. Nathan rejoined with bitterness: "Very well! But remember! that you destroy with your own hands all that you have built for thirty years, not one stone will remain upon another of all your beautiful colonies!"

The Zionists considered these words as empty threats, and all negotiations proving useless, they proceeded to open Nationalist schools of their own.

The German institutions were deserted except by

a few feeble adherents, and children whose parents had been bribed.

Now the Jews were divided in two hostile camps. The war spirit affected even the children who called their small German comrades "traitors." Even in the German orphanages the struggle continued. One child wrote to his Hebrew professors from whom he had been separated: "Come and deliver us from this German fortress!" Another child went mad.

The orphans revolted against the German Director, who came to light the sacred candles at the feast of Hannucca in 1913. They cried: "You traitor, you have no right to illumine our sacred lights!" They shut their eyes and stuck their ears. The Director threatened and they wept. On the second day when he arrived, the children with one accord rushed out of the room and into the courtyard.

The Director in anger cried: "You cursed children! You shall have no more lights at Hannucca!"

On the next day when the hour arrived for the sacred illumination, the orphans were in darkness. But news of their conflict had become known, and now behold a procession of Zionists accompanied by Christians and Moslems and black Abyssinians, appeared in the darkness before the windows of the orphanage, bearing a glorious seven-branched candlestick which they proceeded to light. Then a loud voice uttered the prescribed prayers in Hebrew, and the imprisoned orphans within the walls made the responses in Hebrew. It was so touching that even the German Director was moved to tears!

After this, the outward agitations subsided—but the breach was not healed. Even those who tried to remain neutral were obliged to take sides. The Jewish youth declared for the Nationalists. The Turkish government advised the Zionists not to persecute their adversaries. The Turkish Director of Public Instruction favored the German Hilfsverein schools.

However, the season was prosperous, the harvests were promising, and there was an unusual flood of tourists. Among the visitors, arrived the Baron Edmund de Rothschild, the celebrated patron of the Jewish colonies. The Baron and the Baroness de Rothschild landed from their yacht at their port of Tamtura. The Jewish youths and maidens went to meet them clothed in the national colors, white and blue, and mounted on horseback.

The Baron was moved to tears and cried: "Pass all before me that my eyes may behold you everyone—I was not expecting to see Jewish amazons!"

The populace of Jerusalem received Baron Rothschild with greater honors than they had bestowed on Emperor William himself.

The Zionists created a National Guard to surround him. Nevertheless the Baron did not escape the surveillance of German spies, who reported the favors accorded to Zionists.

Other eminent visitors were Julius Rosenwald and Mrs. Rosenwald who paid almost exclusive attention to the Nationalists. Finally there arrived in Jerusalem Mr. Morgenthau, the American Ambassador to Turkey, and Mrs. Morgenthau.

All the foreign powers as well as the Turkish

officials in Jerusalem, did homage to the Jewish representative of the United States, and this increased the prestige of the Hebrews in the Holy City.

The Ambassador was impressed by the renaissance of Jewish life in Palestine, but he regretted the internecine conflict over the language question.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgenthau gave a great dinner to which the most eminent Moslems and Christians and the noted Jews of the opposing parties were invited.

Several diplomatic speeches were made regarding the amicable relations between Jews, Moslems and Christians, America and Turkey, but the two separate companies among the Jews remained divided.

The tourist season was followed by the harvest, which was especially blessed and plentiful, and the Jews completed their 1856th year of exile.

Devout Jews assembled on the Fast of Ab, at the Wailing place where they were accustomed to assemble year after year, to mourn the Destruction of Jerusalem.

They watered the ancient foundation stones with their tears and entreated the Lord God of Hosts, saying: "Turn thou us unto Thee, O Lord, and we shall be turned. Renew our days as of old!"

In this prayer, all Jewish hearts of all the world unite. In the utterance of this prayer one era was terminated, and a new era was ushered in—for upon this very day of the Fast of Ab, the Great War was declared in Europe.

II

PALESTINE AT THE BEGINNING OF THE GREAT WAR

As sleepers suddenly awakened, the inhabitants of Jerusalem opened their eyes with a new comprehension concerning the recent mysterious events in their own country.

They perceived that the large increase of foreigners in Jerusalem was mostly German, that Turkish troops had assembled including many German officers in Turkish uniform and the report of a transfer of military centre from Damascus to Jerusalem was a mere fiction. Now it was clear that the conflict over Hebrew was waged in the larger interests of German propaganda and the threats of Dr. Paul Nathan were regarded seriously. The tragic deeds in Belgium and France deeply moved the people of Palestine. Only the Germans were jubilant.

The principal daily paper of Jerusalem, "Haor," "The Light," edited by the Ben Yehudah, declared openly for the Allies and exerted a great influence over public opinion.

Friendly Turkish officials warned the Ben Yehudas not to be over zealous for the Allied cause, an attitude favorable to Germany would be more agreeable to the Government. Only Zaki Bey, the military commander of Jerusalem, made no attempt to in-

cline the populace on one side or the other. He continued to visit the consuls of the belligerent powers, and to frequent their institutions. Everywhere he was received with open arms, either on account of his nobility or with regard for his future favors. In his private office, at diplomatic dinners, in parlor meetings, he conveyed an atmosphere of tranquillity and assurance.

Only the Germans regarded Zaki Bey with an evil eye. They criticised his manner of life, and made out that he wasted his time in amusements during these days of grave anxiety. They nicknamed him "Der Tanz Pasha"—(the Dance Pasha).

Oriental Christians and Jews adored Zaki Bey, and felt themselves secure under his protection.

He was a man of culture and fine breeding. He spoke admirably both French and English, having lived in Europe and America. Indeed he was engaged to an American girl, but her parents had objected to her marriage with a Turk, and thus offended his national pride. It was said that he was of Jewish ancestry, and belonged to the "Donme," the class to which belongs also David Bey, the present minister of finance in Turkey.

Such was Zaki Bey, the Commander of Jerusalem in the summer and autumn of 1914.

From the beginning of the great War, Palestine suffered, because few ships visited the native ports and soon there was a scarcity of necessaries, either because the goods had not arrived, or had been hoarded by the merchants. Although Turkey herself was not at war, the day after the Germans commenced hostilities in Europe, the Turks mob-

ilized their troops and commandeered all the horses, camels and mules. They unharnessed the horses and left carriages standing in the middle of the streets. The usual means of communication were cut off.

Turkish officials visited the villages and returned driving flocks of young men who were drafted into the army. To arouse enthusiasm, a public ovation was given to the drafted men on the streets.

In Jaffa there appeared a gigantic young Arab who was surrounded by children and dervishes flourishing naked swords. With a hoarse voice he shouted: "Din Mahomed am bil sef!" (The religion of Mahommed advances by the sword!) and this refrain was repeated by the populace with savage cries.

To inflame his followers, he cried again:

"Hadal sef bidou dam!" (This sword demands blood!) "Allah younsour il Sultan!" (Allah preserve our Sultan!)

This Arab demonstration knew no bounds, and the common people fled in terror.

In Jerusalem, evil days were foreseen. People began to hoard their supplies for the years ahead.

They concealed their provisions not only in ordinary places, but by walling them up within the huge ancient walls and stone masonry. The government confiscated everything they found in the shops. Poor people were left entirely destitute.

The reverse happened in the Jewish colonies, where the representatives meeting together made regulations for the future and arranged for equitable divisions of the supplies, setting aside a special portion for distribution to the poor.

When these facts became known to the government, they sent to the Jewish colonies to take possession of the supplies; but nothing could be found. In consequence a number of arrests were made.

In Christian communities and in religious institutions there was great anxiety. One could not tell what evil was in store for the morrow. When the Jews addressed Père La Grange, the superior of the Dominican monastery at Jerusalem, begging him to preserve in his own library a precious Hebrew manuscript, he replied:

"I would keep it with pleasure, but I do not advise you to leave it here, because there is no security in our monastery. Possibly to-morrow they may expel us, and our institution and our precious library will be at the mercy of irresponsible persons."

The Syrian Christians were in a panic. In their houses they hid themselves, trembling with fear and saying that they would be the first to be massacred, partly on account of their well known friendship for the French and the English. The Armenians declared that the greatest peril awaited them, for of a certainty they had been marked in advance for the slaughter. They pointed out that the Jews were well organized and had some protectors, because at the request of Mr. Morgenthau the United States battleship *Tennessee* under the never-to-be-forgotten Captain Decker had been sent to Palestine with supplies for the Jews.

A little later on the *North Carolina* arrived with Mr. Maurice Wertheim, the son-in-law of Henry Morgenthau with $50,000 in gold for the relief of the Jews.

Mr. Wertheim was so much impressed by the renaissance of Jewish life in Palestine that on his return to America by his public statement he greatly increased the interest for the Jews in Palestine.

Almost everyone who could do so, left the country.

The consulates of France, England and Russia were surrounded by spies so that anyone, even entering the doors, was immediately under the suspicion of the Turks; while the German consulate was the meeting place of government officials. The headquarters of the American and Italian consuls were neutral territory towards which the populace looked for protection.

General consternation was caused by the news that a decree at Constantinople announced the suppression of "The Capitulations," which signified that all the privileges accorded to foreigners in Turkey existed no longer.

A manifesto summoned the people to gather in the Public Gardens to hear "The great news that Turkey had cast behind her back the shame of foreign bondage, which she had been forced to endure by the European powers for centuries."

The rejoicing of the Ottomans was so tremendous and contagious that even those among the people for whom the consequences were most grave were caught in the delirious outburst of joy.

It was a pleasure to see those Ottomans who had behaved the day before like slaves, now straightening their backs, lifting their heads, and casting looks of pride.

Soon after, came the following consequences. The government closed the foreign post-offices, the usual



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GENERAL ALLENBY'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM AFTER ITS FALL.

marks of respect were denied to foreign consuls. To be a stranger was no longer a privilege, but an object of opprobrium.

The Arabic signifying foreigner is "Hmaja"; and "Surmaja" is the Arabic for a "shoe" or a "boot."

The street boys shouted at all foreigners: "Hmaja Surmaja!" which signifies: "The stranger is put under the foot," and after these words, they would strike off with their canes the hats of the foreigners. The natives wore the Turkish fez, hence a man with a hat was recognized as a stranger.

The government officials became insolent, especially in places where the High Command was evil, notably at Jaffa where the Kaimakam (the governor) Behad el Din, and the military commander Hassan Bey knew no limits to their wickedness.

They began by a systematic persecution of the Jews. They arrested the Hebrews, cross-questioned them; accused them of concealing arms; of evading military service; of belonging to secret societies; and of working in opposition to the government. After being cast into prison, they were spit upon, beaten, deprived of their watches and money, fined heavily—and then—released!

But in Jerusalem only, where Zaki Bey held the reins of power with an iron hand, such acts of injustice were not yet perpetrated. Some Israelites escaped from Jaffa and took refuge in Jerusalem. They implored Zaki Bey to use his influence in behalf of their suffering friends in Jaffa.

But the power of Zaki Bey was limited to Jerusalem and its environs.

The inhabitants of Jaffa realized that only a miracle could deliver them from their tyrants!—and this miracle really took place. Once, while in a fit of rage, Behad el Din made the mistake of striking a German. By a telegram to their ambassador at Constantinople, the Germans demanded that he should be dismissed, and in twenty-four hours he was deprived of his office, and sent to Damascus, to the great relief of the Jews. However, it was impossible to get rid of the military commander, the wicked Hassan Bey, since he suited the Germans.

The only escape for the Jews was in flight from the country.

From the very beginning of the war, the inhabitants of Palestine cherished the hope that England would find a pretext to take possession of Palestine, and they were heartbroken after all their troubles that England did not yet intervene.

The English and French warships could be seen from afar off, passing by. The dwellers in Palestine were tormented by fears regarding the attitude of their Turkish government. Would the Sultan remain neutral or not?

From personal considerations they realized that it was safer for them that Turkey should be neutral.

The Zionists felt that if Turkey remained neutral, the Allies would be grateful to the Ottoman power, but the Jews would long remain under Turkish rule, which was becoming to them more and more unsupportable. It was beyond all possibility for her to side with the Allies, being herself in the grip of Germany.

On the other hand, if Turkey combined with Ger-

many, as an enemy of England, it was the open conviction of the Zionists that England would conquer Palestine, and recognize the national Jewish aspirations. The Syrians hoped for deliverance through France.

The Arabs only lacked a clear vision. They believed in German victory, and being very weary of the Turkish yoke, they were content to be dominated by the Germans. There was an Arabic saying: "L'Almane bimschi dugri!" (The Germans are just.)

In a conversation between a high Turkish official and an eminent Jew, the question was asked: "Why my friend, when you know how France has supported you in your struggle for liberty; and how both France and England have protected you, how do you then turn your back and ally yourself with Germany who will make you forever a slave?—it is an act of suicide." The Turkish official replied: "My friend, all that is true, but France and England while protecting us, looked upon us from above, and abased our national pride. It is different with Germany, who treats us as an equal. We are proud that such a great Power should extend her hand and that we should fight beside her."

The Jew said: "Then you are blinded by flattery?"

The Turk shrugged his shoulders and rejoined: "Such is the fact; we cannot do otherwise!"

A few days after this conversation, Turkey declared war on the side of Germany.

One of the first steps was the announcement of the "Jehad" (the Holy War). At first, one im-

agined that the whole Moslem population of the world, 300,000,000 strong, would rise under the green banner of Mahomet, and humanity itself would be endangered.

The terror in Jerusalem was extreme. A few courageous Jews and Christians approached certain Mohammedans and earnestly inquired what the Jehad would signify to themselves. The explanation was brief, as follows:

"It signifies that every faithful Moslem is required to slay at least four unbelievers!"

To impress the public, the authorities ordered forty fanatical Circassians, fully armed, to ride on horseback through the streets of Jerusalem. Silently they passed, brandishing naked scimitars. This was to the inhabitants of Jerusalem the only visible sign of the Holy War.

III

HARDSHIPS ENDURED IN WAR TIME—GERMAN INTRIGUES

ALTHOUGH affected by the declaration of the Jehad, all the Ottoman subjects realized that they must do their duty and be loyal to their own rulers, as long as they remained under Turkish sway.

They all contributed money upon the request of the government for the fleet and airplanes, and for the Red Crescent, an organization like the Red Cross. Numbers of the young men, although able to purchase substitutes, volunteered for the army. The women replied to the call from the government by preparing hospitals, and learning the duties of nurses.

In order to avoid being expelled, the foreign Jews followed the friendly advice of Zaki Bey and appealed to Constantinople to be made Ottoman subjects.

This right was accorded them.

This episode was the last question treated by the Jewish daily paper, "Haor" (The Light). Not being willing to change its political attitude towards the Allies, and since the director, Mr. Ben Yehudah, was an Ottoman subject, it seemed best that the paper should immediately cease to exist. The Turks and Germans would have preferred that the "Haor"

should continue its publication in order to influence the public in the Teuton-Mohammed policy.

The editor said in explanation that he lacked paper and funds and clearness of vision in the crisis. That his mind was too troubled for him to continue his labors.

The horrors of war commenced. Evil orders arrived from Damascus, the seat of D'Jamal Pasha. Every day brought a bitter surprise.

More troops of military arrived, and on pretext of military necessity the government took possession of the remaining supplies in the city, and occupied the public buildings that belonged to the enemy countries, the hospitals, orphanages, schools, convents and monasteries.

Zaki Bey facilitated the departure of the expelled religious orders, especially the women. Of course the Dominicans of Jerusalem were included in this act of expulsion and the melancholy predictions of Père La Grange were verified. Their beautiful monastery near the gate of St. Stephens was appropriated by the Turks and used as a "Serail" or government building.

In about a week the cloisters and courts previously devoted to the pious meditations of the "White Fathers" became so unclean as to resemble stables.

The Turks, with their accustomed disregard for the architecture of subject races, cut doors and constructed stairways, wherever it pleased them.

The volumes and manuscripts of the famous Dominican library were packed in boxes to be sent to Constantinople, and up to the present time it is not known what has become of them.

Amid the turmoil of this forced embarkation, there were some absurd episodes. Such was the flight of an English subject, whom the Turkish Commander Hassan Bey wished to keep prisoner and pursued to the seashore. The English Jew had reached a steamer when he saw the Commander in pursuit; he cried out to an American refugee beside him: "I would rather jump into the sea than fall into the hands of that brute." Whereupon the American gave him refuge in his own private stateroom, and the Englishman concealed himself under the berth. The wife of his rescuer undressed, lay down in the berth and feigned illness, while her husband lighted a pipe and stood in the doorway. Presently the enraged Hassan Bey appeared, hunting for his victim, and the American husband said: "You cannot enter here, you see my wife is very ill in this stateroom. Impossible for you to enter."

Hassan Bey returned to Jaffa and immediately confiscated the house and the store of the escaped Englishman. It was a large store for gentlemen's clothing, and now the costumes were sold off at two dollars apiece, and many Arabs suddenly appeared in European dress in the streets. Some of these exiles from Jaffa found refuge in Egypt, and still remain there in hopes of an ultimate return to Palestine.

The government confiscated the foreign banks, but they could not discover much money. However, this step produced a panic because so many people were suddenly impoverished. Then the Anglo-Palestine Banks issued checks which passed as currency.

All foreign silver was depreciated and even Turkish coin of low denominations.

The checks of the Deutsche Palestine Bank were not accepted even by Germans. For the second time, a United States warship arrived at Jaffa with relief in gold and in provisions, which the American Consul, Dr. Glazebrook, took in charge and distributed with the aid of a Jewish committee.

All private contributions and deliveries of money passed through the hands of the American consul.

The ports were entirely closed. The censorship was extremely severe. There were no newspapers. Those who came in touch with the crew of the U. S. relief ships learned something of the world outside.

Then the English were expelled and Christmas eve was the last night they were allowed to remain in the Holy Land. Following the advice of the United States consul, a number of Americans left with the English. All the hotels were filled so that people slept on the floors and embarked the next day.

All the English, French and Russian consuls and their staffs took their departure under difficulty and even cruelty.

Several members of the diplomatic corps and of the religious orders were deprived of liberty, and exiled to Damascus and Angora, and some time later on some of them were allowed to return to their native lands.

The Jews had a share in this expulsion, which took place at 24 hours' notice. The Hebrew exiles included very aged men, and women and children who were minors. (There were many children, who had been sent to Palestine for a Jewish Nationalist

education and hence lacked the protection of parents.)

Ten thousand Jews left Jerusalem in one week. The streets were filled with the exiles who had no carriages and conveyed their baggage on their own backs.

In Jaffa 700 Jews were commanded to leave the country in two hours. They were precipitated into the ships without even taking any food. The embarking was made in rowboats with great distress; some people fell into the water and parents were separated from their children.

Dr. Glazebrook and his wife went to Jaffa and did all in their power personally, to lighten the trials of the expelled travelers.

Other events occurred at Jerusalem where many preparations were made for the expedition to Suez. Caravans of camels were laden with tin cans intended for water. Great bridges were prepared in sections, to be united and thrown across the Suez canal. Zaki Bey, who was named commander of this expedition under Djemal Pasha, had his trunks packed with fur rugs to sleep on in his tent, and with all the luxuries required for his cuisine.

At a social function he said to a lady—"When I shall be in Egypt——" to which she added "As a prisoner." He graciously answered: "You have no right thus to speak to me!" for he could have cast her into prison for these words.

Djemal Pasha arrived in Jerusalem with Behad El Din (the former evil Kaimakam of Jaffa) as secretary. Now it was the Jews of Jerusalem who

suffered him. The Germans could do nothing to oppose Behad El Din, because Djemal Pasha was not very friendly with the Teutons. The influence of Zaki Bey became even more important because he had been a former school companion of Djemal. But the Germans showed foresight. They obtained an order making the German Bach Pasha a superior commander over Zaki Bey. Whereupon, Zaki Bey resigned his commission and left Jerusalem and returned later on as a civilian.

Behad El Din commenced his catalogue of atrocities, with the aid of Djemal Pasha. At Jaffa thirty-four representative Jews were arrested and conveyed in a special train as prisoners to Jerusalem. The Hebrews of the Holy City were shocked at this act, and exerted all their influence to avoid having these political prisoners committed to the common prison.

The prisoners were cross-questioned regarding concealed arms, provisions and money, and it was demanded that they should reveal their political secrets. They were questioned for two weeks and released!

Then—Djemal Pasha demanded that the Jewish flags should be given to him. Mounted gens d'armerie were sent to search the houses and to take all the Hebrew banners, but not one could be found, because all had been burned or concealed.

Next Behad El Din issued a decree in the name of Djemal Pasha that the Jews must bring all their national stamps to the government house (the sérail) and whosoever should be found with a stamp in his possession after 24 hours should be hanged. There

was a panic; of course the Nationalists had many stamps, and the stamps were produced. The panic subsided. Djemal Pasha was also severe towards the Arabs. It was an amusement for him to hang the Arabs. Fortunately he did not especially persecute the Christians.

At this time another important event took place: the brother of the sherif of Mecca arrived at Jerusalem.

He was known to the populace by the abreviated title of "Sherif." He was a venerable old man, with a long, white beard, and when he appeared robed all in white, riding upon a camel, and with a canopy over his head, the devout Moslems prostrated themselves before him. Others kissed the hem of his flowing garments. So great was his reputation for holiness that he was regarded as a saint. The Mohammedans of Jerusalem went out to meet him, with a banner bearer, who carried a sacred flag, that had remained untouched in the Mosque of Omar for three centuries. The "sherif" was installed in the Court of the Sacred Tomb of David.

On the next day he was expected to solemnly consecrate and bless the arms for the expedition to Suez. But to the surprise of everyone, on the next morning he was found dead!

This sudden decease of so venerated and exalted a personage shocked all the inhabitants of Jerusalem. The Christians imputed the unexpected demise to a dispute between the Mohammedans regarding the reception of their Moslem saint. The Moslems said that he had died of grief, because at midnight he had heard the ringing of church bells.

Upon being told that these were the bells of the German Church of the Redeemer nearby, this faithful son of Islam was filled with anguish to think that an abhorred Christian edifice should have been erected in close proximity to the sacred Tomb of King David, the object of Moslem veneration.

In sorrow of heart, the saint had requested to be left alone, and later on he was found dead!

The Jews averred it was the "Finger of God" because their Tomb of David had been profaned. Common people regarded the death of the saint as an evil omen concerning the approaching expedition to Suez.

Preparations for the expedition continued notwithstanding. A triumphal arch was reared near the Jaffa Gate in honor of Djemal Pasha, who was styled by an Arabic poet as "Phatah el massar," "Deliverer of Egypt!"

A saying of Djemal Pasha was reported, as follows: "In history, my name will be recorded as either a genius or a fool!—I conquer Egypt, or I return not."

All the schools of the three religions were required to assemble their pupils and instructors near the Triumphal Arch early one morning. The assembly of children and adults remained standing in wind and dust from morning till afternoon when the battalions of Turkish heroes passed under the Triumphal Arch on their departure for Egypt. At the head of his troops, mounted on a magnificent charger, rode Djemal Pasha—"the great camel"—and the procession was closed by the dignitary known as Djemal—surnamed "the little camel."

All the eminent personages of Jerusalem, and all the populace, Jewish, Christian and Moslem, followed the departing soldiers with their eyes. The Arab women uttered piercing cries as long as one could see so much as a floating flag or even the clouds of dust raised by the vanishing hosts.

Now the Germans and Moslems of Jerusalem seemed as if intoxicated with the pride of coming victory. They formed various projects as to the most honorable way in which to receive the returning victors. But the prospect filled the hearts of Jews and Christians with profound dread. They argued thus: "If the Moslems come back triumphant, there will be no limit to their pride and insolence, but if they should be defeated, they will revenge themselves upon us here."

This was in the spring of 1915. In a few days news arrived that the Turkish Army had successfully traversed the desert. A later dispatch announced the crossing of the Suez Canal, and the capture of Ismailia. This occasion was celebrated by the illumination of Jerusalem.

After the trying privations of the previous months, the Moslem populace of Jerusalem now rejoiced to think of their soldiers coming home laden with booty—sugar and rice.

But numerous Christians gathered together and began to consider the best places of concealment and refuge for their women and children. It was possible to fortify the buildings of the great religious institutions, especially the compounds of the Greeks and the Armenians, but the Jews, not possessing such large buildings, so well adapted for fortified

purposes, were, at first, overcome by fear; because they lacked, apparently, all these means of self-defense.

In the midst of this hour of extreme anxiety arrived the news of the defeat of the Turks.

The Mohammedans were crestfallen. The Germans failed to conceal their disdain for Turkish prowess and their scorn of the Turkish Army.

Jews and Christians avoided being seen on the streets fearing to be accused of joy, and in their houses they trembled in dread of that homecoming defeated army.

A few soldiers and officers who had escaped from Egypt reached Jerusalem safely. They declared secretly that "the gates of Hell had been opened upon them."

Silently in the dead of night, the remnant of the defeated army, broken up into small companies, crept back into Jerusalem.

Djemal Pasha shut himself up in the walls of the Augusta Victoria Memorial on the Mount of Olives, and refused to see anyone, not even the most eminent personages.

Thus closed ignominously one scene in the Oriental Dream of Power which Kaiser William had dreamed for himself in Jerusalem.

In this very Augusta Victoria Memorial there is a great throne room in which stand two thrones.

A few days before the dedication of the Augusta Victoria Memorial the writer of this article visited this throne room, escorted by Von Mirbach, the late ambassador to Moscow. Von Mirbach explained that these two thrones were designed for the Em-

peror and Empress of Germany. Evidently the conquest of Egypt had been planned as an act in this drama in which Djemal Pasha had been given a leading role—and now the first expedition to Suez had failed.

The Germans, however, discussed the arrangements to be made for a second expedition, to be led this time by a German commander.

In the meanwhile, the Turkish Army, such as it was, in small units took its departure along the road towards Nablus, and the population of Jerusalem began to take flight in various directions as well as they could.

IV

THE PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS—PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS

ANOTHER calamity was impending. The heavens were darkened; obscurity reigned at midday, with ominous clouds not of rain, but plague clouds of locusts!

The secretions from the flying insects fell in a foul rain upon Jerusalem, and the air was poisoned with the sickening odor.

The locusts descended upon fields and gardens, consuming the grain, devouring the vegetables, ruining the trees. In vain the unfortunate inhabitants closed doors and windows. The nauseating pests penetrated to the interiors and entered the beds, and crawled in the clothing and on cooking utensils, even falling into the food.

As an example of their depredations, a story was told of locusts in a garden in Judea, where they devoured not only fruit and leaves but even the bark of the trees, leaving the trunks and branches standing like ghastly bare skeletons. So appalling was the sight that on beholding this horror of his garden, the owner went mad!

It was said that in Galilee, the locusts utterly destroyed one field belonging to a German, and left untouched the adjacent field belonging to the French Baron de Rothschild.



Armenian Refugees leaving Jerusalem for Port Said.

The Turkish government was powerless in the face of this plague of locusts. Even German efficiency failed to meet the emergency. Then the Jews came forward and offered their assistance. This was notably expressed by the celebrated scholar, Mr. Aaronson, the discoverer of "the original wheat."

He was at the head of the American Agricultural Experimental Station which he had founded at Atlite in Samaria, near Zickon Jacob. He came to Jerusalem at the very time when Djemal Pasha was terrorizing the population and when everyone feared to approach the Pasha.

Mr. Aaronson requested an interview, and the request being granted, he said to Djemal Pasha: "Your Excellency! You can hang me—but first hear what I have to say to you." Then he began his defense of the Jews, saying that the rulers had no reasonable foundation for their persecution of the Hebrews. After these statements he added that he knew ways of fighting the locusts, and he offered his services, which Djemal Pasha accepted with open arms.

Mr. Aaronson was named head of a commission to combat the locusts, and Djemal ordered that every facility should be placed at his disposal in the villages. The finest Jewish young men rallied to the side of Mr. Aaronson, but the country itself lacked the supplies and the special chemicals required for this campaign. Then Mr. Aaronson asked for 8000 of the military in order to accomplish by hand what should have been done by chemical devices.

Djemal Pasha disapproved the idea of placing

military forces under the control of Mr. Aaronson and refused this request.

The people were driven to fight the plague by the only means which they possessed.

The entire population was to be used, even the school children. But some individuals escaped the service by the payment of a Turkish pound in gold.

The locusts after devouring everything green on the land had deposited their eggs in the soil and flown away. The great danger ahead was in this vast deposit of eggs. Being deprived of chemicals which might have been scattered on the land, it was necessary to dig in the soil with the hands in order to feel the eggs, which were thus gathered and deposited in trenches, trodden under foot and burned, or else covered with quick lime. This labor was so severe that some of the workers died from exposure to the burning heat of the sun, not having sufficient nourishment to sustain them.

These were some of the trials of Palestine in 1915.

In 1916 a second expedition was launched against the Suez Canal, with an army of 250,000 men under the command of the German, Von Kress, but it was not more successful than the first enterprise. Von Kress was killed—shot, it was said, in the back. The German Commander of Jerusalem, Bach Pasha, was called to Damascus and en route he was injured by an accident which occurred to his own automobile. He sustained a broken leg, which caused his death.

Not only the Moslems, but even the Germans began to perceive that their star was waning in the Holy Land.

Notwithstanding the immense German propaganda waged continuously for the ten years before the war, to convince the Arabs that the land belonged to Arabians, the ancient tradition now revived concerning the destiny of the Jews to possess the land.

Many were the legends expressing this prophetic thought. One told of a cavern of Zede Kiali, where a small pool of water was reddish in color. Old Arabs whispered that on the day of the destruction of Jerusalem this water had been changed to blood, but that when the Jews should again possess the land, the waters would be purified. Another legend concerned the rocky barren soil around Jerusalem. It was related that the High Priest had taken ashes and cast them around the city walls at the destruction of Jerusalem, uttering a curse upon the land that it should remain barren until the Jews should be restored to this their ancient heritage.

Even the Moslems themselves had doubts regarding the future, and hence their troops had departed quietly without triumphal parades.

Before this second expedition to Suez, hospitals were erected and supplies collected at Gaza in preparation for a further advance.

Most of the Jewish and Arab-Christian doctors of Palestine were called to service and a number of their families followed them to Gaza.

It was a Mohammedan town. The inhabitants were accustomed to see women veiled. The sight of women going about unveiled affected them as "a proof of immorality."

After the Turkish troops were driven from

Raphah in January, 1917, the English reached the border line of Palestine.

The wounded were removed from Gaza, many of the doctors left and preparations were made to defend the city.

The persecution of the Jews in Palestine, which had continued all along, now increased in violence. In March, 1917, when the English and Turks were fighting over Gaza, the Hebrews suffered dreadful atrocities from German and Turkish authorities.

Hundreds of Jews were arrested as suspects. The prisons of Jerusalem, Jaffa, Acre, Tiberias, Nazareth and Damascus were filled.

The persecution was directed especially against the Zionists. By threats and tortures, the tormentors endeavored to force confessions of political secrets, especially of relations with the English and of places where arms were supposed to be concealed. Great suffering was inflicted to induce the Zionists to betray their friends.

Upon their refusal to give the desired replies, some Zionists were executed by hanging or shooting, others were deported, and some continued to languish in prison.

Mr. Aaronson escaped because the government had sent him to Europe to obtain further assistance in fighting the plague of locusts and subsequent events had prevented his return. The wrath of the government fell upon his family and his friends. The authorities took possession of his agricultural station. They burned his library notes and his manuscripts. They destroyed his precious library

which had been purchased in America. Leaves from scientific volumes were given to the shopkeepers at Haifa to be used as wrapping paper for food and merchandise. The costly herbarium, one of the rarest and most valuable in the world, was burned.

The mother of Mr. Aaronson was dead, but his aged father, and one sister named Sara, and one brother were tortured.

A few words may be said regarding Sara Aaronson. She was a woman of rare intelligence, of noble character, and of great courage.

In the American Agricultural Station, founded and directed by her brother, Miss Aaronson was in charge of the meteorological section, and acquitted herself with remarkable ability.

At the time when Turkey declared war, she was at Constantinople. She had recently married a man whom she almost adored, but he was absent, and now her sense of duty to her country demanded that she should return to her own land. She set out alone on that dangerous journey, and passed through great trials. On one occasion she was the only woman on a troop train which was filled by soldiers going to Palestine. There were many sick and dying on this train, and the dead lay on the floor. There was no place for one to sit down. And in order for her to reach the door she was obliged to lift the dead men who blocked her way.

This beautiful woman escaped the perils of this journey and reached her native village. She was glad to be among her own people and to serve them.

But her ministries of love were finally interrupted

by the soldiers, who were ordered to arrest her and put her in prison.

For three days and three nights, they tortured alternately the daughter in the presence of the father, or the father before the eyes of his child, expecting that one or the other would relent and give the desired information.

They beat the old man till the blood flowed but he kept silent except for one word. He uttered the ancient Jewish complaint, the prayer said most often by the devout Israelite and especially before his death: "Shma Israel . . . !" "Hear Israel, my only God!"

The other prisoners in the neighboring cells heard this cry, repeated, sometimes loudly, when a blow was very violent, or more faintly when a blow was less terrible, or when the victim was becoming exhausted.

It was said that finally since the executioners were unable to extract from him a single word, they took the old man out of prison and cast him into his own house. It was too late; the frightful suffering had deprived him of reason.

The executioners took Sara Aaronson, and placed burning bricks at the naked soles of her feet. They placed burning bricks at her armpits. Her groans and cries of anguish were heartrending but she refused to say one word.

They insisted that she must praise the Turks and utter insults against the English, but Sara Aaronson kept silent. She escaped from her tormentors

for one moment, and having gained possession of a revolver, she shot herself in the mouth.

A Jewish doctor, a friend, having been called to extract the bullet, she begged that he would let her die since she could not longer support her sufferings.

Sara Aaronson died without justifying any of the accusations brought against her, and her name is covered with glory and honor in the land where she suffered.

Another native Jew, called Absalom, the son of a Hebrew farmer, also drank the cup of sorrow.

The young Absalom had lived much among the Arabs in Judea. He knew their life and their language, and was beloved by them. The Arabs called him "Sheik Abou Salim." Aged Moslems brought their disputes to him for settlement, or to receive his judgment. Notwithstanding this friendship with the Moslems, Absalom was arrested and twice he was martyrized, once in the prison at Jerusalem and once in Nazareth. They beat him so cruelly that his flesh was torn in rags and afterwards he said that so great was the horror of himself that he seemed to lose the sense of being human. His own body was become so repugnant to himself that it seemed a beastly thing.

Yet so vivid was the flame of his intelligence, so eloquent his word, that he justified himself even in the face of his persecutors and twice they released him. However, it was his destiny to suffer. Even at his birth his father had lifted him up, saying: "My son! my desire for thee is that thou shalt sacrifice thyself for the freedom of thy people!"

This vow was accomplished when twenty-seven years later, this Hebrew son fell on the field of honor, in the great desert between Palestine and Egypt.

Other Jewish men and women, youths and maidens gave their lives in the land of their ancestors as an offering for the deliverance of the Hebrew race.

V

THE TIME OF FEAR AND SUFFERING—HOW THE GLORIOUS DAY OF DELIVERANCE CAME TO JERUSALEM

GAZA was taken by the English and recovered by the Turks, remaining in their hands seven months. In June, 1917, General Allenby captured Beersheba and then Gaza. Ludd surrendered, Ramleh fell; on November 16, Jaffa was captured. Victorious English troops then marched upon Jerusalem.

For three years the Holy City had suffered privations and sorrows. It was as if the plague had raged within the walls. Most of the houses were closed because the inhabitants were dead, or deported, exiled or in prison. Deserted were the streets. One dreaded to be seen outdoors for fear of falling victim to the rage of the Turks.

People hid themselves in cellars and subterranean passages, where life continued underground by the light of olive oil lamps.

The musicians composed music, the poets composed verses, the professors meditated upon the pupils whom they hoped to receive in the coming hour of deliverance.

The women kept house underground; but there was little food to prepare. They had forgotten the appearance of a loaf of bread. The babies died for lack of milk.

Even in these hiding places, one heard the roar of Turkish cannon, which was directed against the "Nebi Samuel" (the Tomb of Samuel), where the English had fortified themselves. One passionate desire filled the hearts of Jews and Christians alike as they waited for the hour of deliverance. Their confidence in the victorious strength of the English failed not. The devout souls were uplifted in ardent prayer. Pious vows were pronounced. They prayed that the Lord God would deliver them by a miracle, and show His hand as in former days.

But now it seemed as if the Arm of the Lord was turned against the Jews and deliverance seemed far off. Their fervent prayers were rudely interrupted by the intrusion of Turkish soldiers. The gendarmerie entered and penetrated down to the cellars and arrested the defenseless Hebrews. They tore the husbands from the arms of their wives, and separated the children from their parents. They beat their prisoners and loaded them with chains and drove them outdoors into the mud and rain. The storm lashed the helpless prisoners as they were driven forth without coats and without bread. The soldiers goaded them forward like cattle to the assembly places where those who were to be deported were gathered together. The wives and the young women threw themselves upon the necks of their husbands and fathers and brothers, insisting that they should share the horrors of this terrible forced journey. The victims were taken away in the direction of Jericho.

During the execution of this cruel edict of deportation in Jerusalem, news arrived of a dreadful

deed perpetrated in Pethah Tikivah. Djemal Pasha had arrived and passed through this colony from one end to another. Then he shut himself in his rooms, without saying a word to anyone, and after an hour's silence he departed.

The colonists were filled with foreboding. They said: "Some great evil awaits us!" On the following day, Djemal Pasha sent a dark emissary, noted for his cruelty, with the command that "the guardians of the colony should be surrendered to him." (The guardians of the Jewish colonies were always the finest young men, who filled the office of watchmen, forming a sort of voluntary police. As "watchmen" they were under vows to sacrifice their lives for their people.) The inhabitants of Pethah Tikivah gathered together and resolved that they would rather all perish than to deliver up their guardians to death.

Then three Jewish Austrian workingmen arose in the assembly and one, being the speaker, said: "To save the guardians and the colony, we propose that you name us as guardians and fear not for us, because since we are Austrian, the Turks will not dare to vent their ferocity upon us subjects of the Central Powers. The worst they will do will be to imprison us; and we will wait patiently with hundreds of our companions, for the day of deliverance."

But no sooner did the Turks have these three brave Austrians in their power than they accused them of high treason. In order to force them to make confession and to name accomplices, the bastinado was inflicted upon them.

They were also beaten with muskets and kicked,

and lifted up bodily to a great height and then violently cast down. After they were rendered unconscious by these atrocities, they were dragged off and cast into prison in Damascus, where they died. No form of trial was given to these innocent men. The emissary and his soldiers acted as accuser and judges and executioners.

Other Austrians in Jerusalem were also maltreated and deported.

Then the vials of wrath were poured upon the American Jews also. They were arrested on the streets and in the houses and beaten and dragged away and forced to march on foot, exposed to mud and rain, all the way to Damascus. Those who were sick were carried on litters. One American discovered concealed in a cellar. was sent laden with chains to Damascus.

In the meanwhile the Turkish cannon was destroying the Tomb of Samuel, and the English were making a movement whose object was to encircle Jerusalem. The Turks and Germans commanded that the city should be defended and they sent for reinforcements from Damascus. The garrison was not sufficiently strong in numbers or in morale to sustain the attack without aid. When the reinforcements failed to arrive, the Turks perceived that they would be obliged to evacuate.

In great haste, they arrested everyone whom they caught on the streets, including the Dutch consul, and a distinguished Austrian physician, a member of the Board of Health.

Djemal Pasha had already left for Damascus. Soon after, an edict was issued commanding the

deportation of all the Christian and all the Jewish inhabitants of Jerusalem.

The governor did the favor to the Dutch consul and two other distinguished prisoners to allow them a respite of three days in which to prepare for their journey. The Turkish authorities were themselves embarrassed as to the means of executing this last great act of deportation, which included the great mass of the population of Jerusalem. It was expected that the Germans would be of assistance in enforcing the edict, but the Germans were occupied in saving themselves. After the flights, the exiles, the deportations, executions and imprisonments, it was estimated that over 30,000 Jews and Christians still remained in the city.

In vain the Jews implored Zaki Bey to save them. He replied that nothing could save them! They must prepare for the deportation. Then a bitter suspicion entered the hearts of the Jews. They suspected that even their friend, Zaki Bey himself, was an accomplice of the Turks. It was observed that all of the families with whom Zaki Bey was chiefly associated were the special objects of persecution. The Jews surmised that he had abused their confidence and betrayed them.

In these terrible days in Jerusalem, Jews and Christians fasted and prayed. Their common sorrow and desolation drew them nearer to one another. They sought concealment in the darkest cellars and deepest subterranean passages. Jews and Christians found refuge together.

It was in this darkness and dread that the Jews awaited the coming of their great festival of light

and gladness, Hannucca, the Feast of Deliverance in former days, and now approaching as the day of destruction! The women, weeping, prepared the oil for the sacred lights, and even the men wept, saying that this would be the last time they should keep the feast in Jerusalem! They strained their ears to hear the horses' hoofs and the tread of the soldiers coming to arrest them and drive them forth. The women pressed their children to their breasts crying: "They are coming to take us!—the persecutors, the assassins!"

Then, suddenly, other women came rushing from outside down into the depths, crying:

"Hosanna! Hosanna! The English!—the English have arrived!"

Weeping and shouting for joy, Jews and Christians, trembling and stumbling over one another, emerged and rushed forth from the caverns and holes and underground passages.

With loud cries, with outstretched hands, they blessed the company of their deliverers, who advanced in a glory of light, for all Jerusalem was illuminated by the crimson light of the setting sun!

With the victors, entered Justice and Peace, into the city so long ruled by Terror and Pain.

Pious Jews uttered thanksgivings to the Lord God of Hosts who had wrought deliverance in this great historic day, in the very hour of the beginning of "Hannucca," the Feast of the Miracle of Lights.

On the previous day the Turkish troops had evacuated, driving before them numbers of unfortunate prisoners, the last victims of their rule of

Force. For the last time on leaving, the hated Turkish soldiers had entered the houses to rob and to spoil, and to carry off everything they could lay hands on.

On the next day after the beginning of Hannucca, the troop of English conquerors entered and shared their own bread with the famished populace, and offered the support of their hands to the feeble and the aged. On the following day, when the great English army entered the city, the women threw themselves on the necks of the soldiers, calling for the benediction of heaven upon them. Young women kissed the hems of their garments, and children threw flowers on their path. It was the time of the early flowers in Palestine—the first flowers which announce the resurrection of Nature after the burning heat of summer is past.

How simple and modest was the entry of General Allenby into the Holy City!

He came with the members of his staff, marching on foot, and passed between the ranks of soldiers who lined the streets on either side and presented arms.

How solemn and imposing was the reception of the hero by the heads of three great religions—the Jewish Rabbis, the Mufti and sheiks, and the Christian priests!

How impressive, with what relief to waiting hearts, was the proclamation that all the shrines and sacred places of the three religions should be equally respected. These are the words of this proclamation:

Lest any of you be alarmed by reason of your experiences at the hands of the enemy who has retired, I hereby inform you that it is

my desire that every person should pursue his lawful business without fear of interruption. Furthermore, since your city is regarded with affection by the adherents of three of the great religions of mankind, and its soil has been consecrated by the prayers and pilgrimages of multitudes of devout people of these three religions for many centuries, therefore, I make it known to you that every sacred building, monument, holy spot, shrine, traditional site, endowment, pious bequest or customary place of prayer of whatsoever form of the three religions will be maintained according to the existing customs and beliefs of those to whose faith they are sacred

Delayed reinforcements of Turkish troops from Damascus called to strengthen the former Turkish garrison now arrived, and unconsciously precipitated themselves into the arms of the English.

A number of Germans and Turks, who were regarded with suspicion in Jerusalem, were now arrested and sent to various places of exile, principally to Egypt or to Malta. Among those who were arrested was Zaki Bey, who was sent to prison at Cairo. His friends among the Jewish refugees at Alexandria gave surety for him, so that he was released from prison and allowed to live among them in some degree of liberty at Alexandria.

Then life revived in the city which had been ravaged by death. The new rulers distributed medicine and hospital supplies for the recovery of the sick. The soldiers shared their rations with the famished populace. As soon as possible, food was procured from Egypt. Seed was given to the peasants and army horses and mules were bestowed to plow the neglected fields.

The English, although conquerors of the country, showed due respect for the native civil and gov-



Syrian Refugees on the Steps of David's Tower, Jerusalem.

ernmental administration. They maintained their rule strictly according to the principles of the Hague Congress. At the same time, they did all in their power to ameliorate the situation. They constructed good roads. They organized a police force. In order to insure against the miscarriage of justice they exercised a certain oversight over the native tribunals where Moslem Law was enforced. They conveyed pure waters from the pools of Solomon into Jerusalem, and placed water pipes and faucets in the streets, so that those in need should supply themselves with water.

The inhabitants, assured of tranquillity and inspired with confidence, began to organize themselves and to develop a new order after their troubled existence.

It was an impulse of life after the reign of death.

The first to obey this overwhelming impulse was the Jewish youths—the remnant which had been concealed hidden like the seed in the earth, and thus had escaped the general persecution. These young men demanded the privilege of fighting side by side with the English, in the conquest of their own country. Their desire was granted. A battalion of native Jews was immediately enlisted and the recruits increased.

The young Jewish girls were not content merely to be nurses and canteen waiters, they wanted a more active share in the great conflict and certain duties were assigned to them in connection with the army.

The representative Jews of both the cities and colonies assembled and took counsel regarding the

assistance which it was in their power to render. The English declared their desire for the advance of the Hebrews; many times the message was heard from the lips of the British: "The land which we conquer is for you!"

The hearts of the Jews expanded with the glad realization that they were now citizens of their own country.

A National Jewish Commission arrived from London. This Commission included Jewish representatives from the Allied countries, with Professor Waizmann at the head. He had previously occupied the Chair of Chemistry at the University of Manchester. He is the personal friend of Mr. Balfour. Haim Waizmann is justly respected for the valuable discoveries which he has made, and placed at the service of the English government, refusing all payment for these estimable services. The Jewish population received their Commission with enthusiasm and placed themselves under its orders.

Immediately their labors commenced. An important meeting of Jewish professors was called to regulate the school question. When it was announced that the instructors were at liberty to install their schools in the fine school edifices occupied by the Germans' Hilfsverein and from which they had been expelled the year before the war, the professors replied: "We prefer to remain in our own insignificant buildings. We would rather not teach morals within those impure walls!"

It was Dr. Waizmann who reminded them that even the Temple, after being profaned, was con-

secrated anew. "And we shall do the same," he said, "with the desecrated school buildings." There were some German Jews still remaining in the land who witnessed this reopening of their former school buildings.

Woman Suffrage among the Jews was proclaimed. This gave to Jewish women the right to vote. Preparations were made for the election of representatives to a General Assembly. Meantime the Jewish Commission does all in its power to facilitate the English in their great aims.

The new development of Hebrew life expressed itself in three public events, quite original in character. The first marked the return of the sacred relics of the different synagogues, especially the restoration of the scrolls of the Thora (the rolls of the Law), which the Jews had withdrawn and carefully concealed at the time of their persecutions. They arranged a procession of horses, decorated with garlands and harnessed to carriages adorned with flowers, and filled with the sacred rolls of the Thora. As they passed by a synagogue, the procession was halted, and the rolls belonging there were ceremoniously returned to the sanctuary.

Members of the Society of the Young Maccabees formed a National Guard of Honor, and the cortege was escorted by an immense crowd, going before and behind, clapping their hands and dancing and singing to the accompaniment of musical instruments. The scene recalled the dancing before the Ark in the time of King David.

At the appointed place, the procession was

halted, in the presence of General Allenby, the members of his staff, Prof. Waizmann, the Jewish Commissioners, and other distinguished guests.

In token of the profound gratitude of the Hebrews, Prof. Waizmann presented to General Allenby a fine copy of the Thora (the Law) inscribed on a parchment scroll enclosed in a silver case, artistically ornamented; the workmanship of the Bazalel school at Jerusalem.

The next great public demonstration was the revival of the ancient Jewish Feast of "Bekurim"—The "Offering of the First-Fruits." This festival was celebrated by another procession. At the head, there marched a great bull with gilded horns, his head and back adorned with garlands of fruit and flowers. Beside the bull marched young girls, bearing on their heads baskets laden with beautiful fruits. Young men followed, carrying little lambs in their arms. Others bore small kids on their shoulders. Then came men who carried the various instruments of agriculture. The national colors, white and blue, were seen on every side. The air vibrated with the peal of trumpets, the clash of cymbals, the beating of drums and the harmony of voices in song.

The perfume of ancient Biblical Hebrew life seemed shed abroad.

These two celebrations occurred at Jaffa. A third event of importance was solemnized at Jerusalem.

Thousands of Jews assembled on the Mount of Olives and many Christians and Moslems. Troops of school children, of the upper grades, arrived marching with banners and led by their professors

and teachers. There were 38 delegates from Jaffa and the colonies of Judea which had been delivered. There were deputies from various societies and corporations. The road from Jaffa was like a procession because of the multitudes in carriages, in automobiles, mounted on mules, and asses and horses, and even on foot, often with children on their shoulders. All were coming to behold this great event which was to take place on Mount Scopùs. At this point great reviewing stands had been constructed to be occupied by exalted personages of three religions. Members of the Jewish Commission, British generals and officers of high rank and representatives of the Allied nations, held conspicuous positions. When General Allenby arrived to take the seat of honor, he was greeted by the multitude with loud acclaim, songs and shouts.

The great act of the founding of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem had commenced.

Twelve foundation stones were laid, according to the number of the tribes of Israel.

The master of ceremonies presented Prof. Waizmann with a silver trowel curiously chiseled.

Following the laying of the first stone by Dr. Waizmann, on behalf of the Zionist organization, foundation-stones were laid by the two chief rabbis of Jerusalem, the head of the United Jewish Community of Jerusalem, the Mufti and the Anglican Bishop. Foundation-stones were also laid on behalf of the Jewish regiment, Baron Edmond de Rothschild, the Town of Jaffa, the Jewish Colonies, Hebrew Literature, Hebrew Teachers, Hebrew Science, the Jewish Artisans and Laborers, and on

behalf of Isaac Goldberg, the Russian Zionist whose generosity made possible the purchase of the magnificent site upon which the great edifice is to be reared. This site faces the Augusta Victoria Memorial, erected by Kaiser William.

The founding of the Hebrew University was marked by a significant speech from Prof. Waizmann, whose words will be long remembered. He said in part:

"Here, out of the miseries and the desolation of war, is being created the first germ of a new life. Hitherto we have been content to speak of reconstruction and restoration—that ravished Belgium, devastated France and Russia must and will be restored; in this Hebrew university, however, we have gone beyond restoration and reconstruction. We are creating, during the period of the war, something which is to serve as a symbol of a better future. It is fitting that Great Britain and her great Allies, in the midst of tribulation and sorrow, should stand sponsor to this university. Great Britain has understood that it is just because these are times of stress, just because we tend to become lost in the events of the day, that there is a need to transcend these details by this bold appeal to the world's imagination. Here what seemed but a dream a few years ago is now becoming a reality.

"It is a Hebrew university. I do not suppose that there is anyone here who can conceive of a university in Jerusalem being other than Hebrew. The claim that the university should be a Hebrew one rests upon the values the Jews have transmitted to the world. From this land, here, in the presence of adherents of the three great religions of the world which, amid many diversities, build their faith upon the Lord who made Himself known unto Moses, here, before the world, which has founded itself on Jewish law and has paid reverence to Hebrew seers and acknowledged the great mental and spiritual values the Jewish people have given, the question is answered! The university is to stimulate the Jewish people to reach further heights.

"I trust I am not too bold if here, to-day, in this place, among the hills of Ephraim and Judah, I state my conviction that the seers

of Israel have not utterly perished; that, under the ægis of this university, there will be a renaissance of the divine power of prophetic wisdom; that, once the war is over, the university will be the focus of the rehabilitation of our Jewish consciousness now so tenuous because it has become so world diffused. Under the atmospheric pressure of this mount, our Jewish consciousness can become diffused without becoming feeble; our consciousness will be kindled again and our Jewish youth will be reinvigorated from Jewish sources. . . . From this day the Hebrew university is a reality. Our Hebrew university, informed by Jewish learning and Jewish energy, will mould itself into an integral part of our national structure which is in process of erection. It will have a centripetal force attracting all that is noblest in Jewry throughout the world; a unifying centre for our scattered elements. There will go forth on the other side, inspiration and strength that shall revivify the powers now latent in our distant communities; here the wandering soul of Israel shall reach its haven, its strength no longer consumed in restless and vain wanderings. Israel shall at last remain at peace within itself and with the world. There is a Talmudic legend that tells of the Jewish soul deprived of its body hovering between heaven and earth. Such is our soul to-day! To-morrow it shall come to rest in this, our sanctuary. This is our faith."

Thus a temple to Jewish Science and learning was erected at the very place where the German Imperial Government had striven to rule by force. Once again the everlasting victory of the Word, the victory of the Spirit was expressed by a significant act upon the Mountains of Jerusalem.

II

JERUSALEM—THE WORLD CITY AND THE WORLD WAR

BY PROFESSOR KEMPER FULLERTON,
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I

JERUSALEM—THE WORLD CITY AND THE WORLD WAR

Professor Kemper Fullerton

WE were spending an altogether lovely summer in the Lebanons when the war overtook us. The mutterings of the storm gathering in the West during July had scarcely reached our little village high up on the slopes of the mountains. We had watched with interest the merry scenes at the threshing floors, the children tumbling about in the straw and the unmuzzled oxen treading out the corn. Wherever we went the villagers, both Maronites and Druses, seemed prosperous and contented. The fountains poured in generous tides into the red water-jars of the women. Olive groves and mulberry orchards with their soft or vivid greens filled our foregrounds and in the background the sparkling Mediterranean stretched away, from its border of silver foam below us, beyond Cyprus through the Gates of Gibraltar. The horizon was so far away that it was seldom possible to tell where sea left off and sky began, and the sun seemed to set in heaven itself. Every evening the land underwent that marvelous transformation which takes place in all those Eastern lands when not only the sky swims in color but the earth itself

dissolves in it. Across the way our neighbor, the Maronite hermit, would then come out and walk on the roof of his hermitage and watch the glory slowly disappear and the new moon follow it into the sea. Everything in "cedared Lebanon" seemed to breathe of security and peace.

Then the incredible happened. On August second we first heard the news that Germany had declared war upon Russia. On August sixth a French cruiser flashed the news ashore that "England would interfere by sea and land." We journeyed down to Beirut to find that a moritorium had been declared and for two months we were marooned on our mountaintop without the means to get away. The sun set as radiantly as ever. The colors in the Wady Arid just by our village were as soft and beautiful as before, but somehow the luxury and the relaxation had stilled out of the atmosphere and an indefinable anxiety, a tenseness of expectation had taken their place. The wild bees still made honey for us in the rocks of Binnai, the fresh figs were still a delight to us in August and the nectar of the grapes of Androphile was a daily wonder in September, but their delicious flavors seemed to be stolen sweets, unlawful to enjoy. Was it a presentiment of the time when there would be no grapes to eat because the children of those villages would be compelled to eat the roots of the vines themselves in order to keep alive?

Meanwhile we watched the first gust and splashes of the storm as it swept inland from the west. We noted how the Druses, the hereditary allies of the British, were gradually being weaned away from

their loyalty by secret propaganda. The Maronites adhered to the French. Did this mean that the old bloody feuds among the mountaineers were to be revived again? We felt the tremor of the daily increasing fear among the Christians that their privileges would be taken from them and they would be left again to the tender mercies of Druse and Turk, for the massacres of the 'Forties and 'Sixties were still a living terror in the land. One evening we watched from the heights of our village the rockets and heard the guns which celebrated in Beirut the denunciation of the Capitulations—Turkey's fatal step in her rake's progress. Later we were told of the thousands of persons who had fled from the same city into the mountains and to Damascus at the rumored British bombardment of the coast soon to take place.

In the midst of these disquieting occurrences our cruiser, the *North Carolina,* arrived on the scene, bearing gold, yea much fine gold, enough to get us home again. But should we go? Friends at home had been urging our return. Friends in Syria, especially our English friends, warned us that war between England and Turkey was inevitable and in that event nobody could tell what might happen. As a matter of fact, the English White Paper on the relationship between Turkey and England afterwards disclosed how many telegrams were winging their way like birds of evil omen between London and Constantinople just at that time, telling of the seriousness of the situation, and within a few weeks some of the friends who had so kindly warned us were themselves to be prisoners in Damascus.

But Jerusalem was as yet unvisited. Could we bring ourselves to forego catching at least one glimpse of the Holy City? We resolved to make the attempt. Our plan was to go to Jerusalem and pay a flying visit to the sacred sites even if we were compelled to leave the day after our arrival. We would at least have the right to carry the pilgrim's palm.

II

ON a beautiful evening just at sunset we boarded a small Italian steamer, saying farewell to glorious St. George's Bay and goodly Lebanon. The wind blew fair and soft and as we dropped anchor off Jaffa next morning and were rowed ashore over the lazy undulations of the sea in the warm October air, the prospect seemed altogether reassuring. The Holy Land looked indeed like the Canaan of psalm and hymn, a land of serenity and peace, fit emblem of the Rest that remaineth. It seemed as if it were still dreaming of its milk and honey Past or of the heavenly Future and as if the fierce Present concerned it not at all. Our journey up to Jerusalem from Jaffa was sufficiently commonplace. As we crossed the famous coast-plain I suppose we should have been thinking of Philistine, Saracen and Crusader. As a matter of fact we spent the most of the time in conversation with the only other traveler in our compartment, an agreeable young man who was representing the Standard Oil. He was one of the few Americans still remaining in Jerusalem. Save for the missionary, the Standard Oil seems to be the first to arrive in the far or dangerous corners of the earth and the last to leave. The company had been prospecting to the south of the Dead Sea and had

started to build a road from Hebron to the reputed sites of Sodom and Gomorrah in order to tap the second causes of their overthrow. They were making good progress when the War broke out. The Turks afterward extended this road, I believe, as an important link in the line of communications for their Egyptian expedition and the English have no doubt also used it when they paid their return call.

As we approached the Holy City our hearts beat faster and we pressed our cheeks against the window panes to catch a first glimpse of its walls and towers. But if we had been compelled to restrict our sojourn in Jerusalem to the day or two which we had originally allowed ourselves, our first impressions would have been disappointing. To love Jerusalem one must live there and must probe deep below its surface. Not till the soles of one's feet have become sufficiently sensitive to be able to distinguish between a twenty-foot layer of débris and a forty-foot layer simply by walking over them, will he begin to prefer Jerusalem above his chief joy.

The first appearance of the city as we rode from the station in the fading light of the late afternoon was distinctly uninviting. It looked dusty and haggard after the summer heat. The upper part of the valley of Hinnom, which lies to the right as one enters the city, was slummy and unkempt. I should never have been tempted to worship Moloch there! The gaping Birket-es-Sultan on the opposite side of the road, with some slimy green water collected at its lower edge, was equally unattractive, while just above it the barrack-like structures of the Montefiori Jewish colony inject their ugliness



By Noon They Came with Every Kind of Vessel for Food at the Soup Kitchen.

into a scene already sufficiently painful to an expectant imagination and the bulky German Church of the Dormitio that sits like a huge paper-weight on the traditional hill of Zion does nothing to relieve it. This Church, by the way, is out of all proportion to its environment and assaults the attention of everyone who approaches the city from the railway station. The interior is beautiful, chaste and serene, and the service, conducted by the Benedictines, is one of the most devout to be found in the city, but the exterior is aggressive and irritating. Wherever one goes about Jerusalem this great pile strikes the eye with the brutality of a mailed fist.

The only really beautiful object which we passed from the Jaffa Gate at the south of the city to what was to be our pleasant home in the American Colony which lies some half-mile beyond the Damascus Gate at the north of the city, was the tower of St. George's Cathedral. But even this bit of architecture, which is fine in itself, is not, æsthetically, altogether satisfying. Rising, as it does, out of a grove of olive trees, this thoroughly English tower seemed to be an exotic in its Oriental environment. I often used to meditate upon those two churches in the weeks that followed—the German Church at the south of the city and the English cathedral at the north of it. They are the two architectural features which are most conspicuous from practically every vantage-ground. Even from the Mount of Olives these modern upstarts thrust themselves upon the unwilling attention, symbolic of the present struggle for Jerusalem, *but both outside*

the walls! Is there not a spiritual hint in that latter fact? Can Jerusalem be Occidentalized, Teutonized or Anglicised? George Adam Smith in a happy moment calls attention to the fact that the geological dip of the city is toward the East. Zechariah, it is true, anticipates some strange transformations in the topography of Jerusalem hereafter, but he does not appear to contemplate such a change in the geology of its site as to compel the city to bow in worship toward the West instead of toward the East.

On our arrival all that we had heard of the dangers and difficulties of a visit to Jerusalem in those troubled times seemed to be quite wide of the mark. Instead of a day's flying visit we settled down to a prolonged stay, and for the first two weeks of it we went about the city and its immediate environs in a leisurely, comfortable way.

The city was, of course, even then under martial law, but this signified only an increased security. Jerusalem is not a turbulent city even in ordinary times when police regulations are not so stringent. Few crimes of violence occur there and such as do occur usually arises among the jealous Christian sects or quarrelsome Jewish parties, rarely between Moslems and Christians. But the strict military discipline effectually checked any violence whatsoever. Indeed it should be said in justice to the Turkish authorities that both before and after Turkey declared war the order in Jerusalem throughout the fall and early winter of 1914 was admirable. This was due in large measure to the

good sense and moderation of the military commander, Zeki Bey.

After war was declared police regulations were of course somewhat more rigid than before. No one was supposed to leave town without a permit; no one was to be out after eight o'clock at night; no one was to speak ill of his neighbor's religion. This last regulation would have proved to us that we were in an Oriental capital even if our sense of smell had failed us. But none of these regulations hampered us to any extent. We did not become sufficiently intimate with any one in the gossipy capital to feel aggrieved by a prohibition to curse his father's religion or his grandfather's beard. As there were no picture shows in the city we could stay at home after dark by our little drum stove quite contentedly. So far as leaving town was concerned we obtained without any difficulty permits from the authorities to visit the surrounding districts. But this proved to be a mere form. Only on the Nablous road did we find a guard to question our right of egress and by going a few hundred feet east or west of him across the upper hollows of the valley of Jehoshaphat, he could be circumvented without difficulty. The one locality which we were forbidden to visit after the war was declared was Hebron. As Hebron was at that time the main southern base for the Egyptian expedition this restriction was not to be wondered at. To the north the unsettled conditions of the times and the restlessness and suspicion of the population made travel practically out of the question.

Thus, for the ten weeks of our stay, we were compelled whether we would or not, to concentrate our attention upon the strange city. But we were not left without our reward. Jerusalem revealed itself to us as it had revealed itself to no one, perhaps, for generations. Our good friends, the Montgomerys (Professor Montgomery was the director of the American School for Oriental research that year), and ourselves were the only persons in the city who by any possibility could be classified as tourists, a situation scarcely duplicated since the days of the Bordeaux Pilgrim (333 A. D.).

Now, the tourist unavoidably carries with him an atmosphere that communicates itself in a subtly damaging way to all the scenes the tourist visits. The tourist is automatically a vandal. He cannot help himself. The most beautiful and sacred objects inevitably take on a bored and blasé air after they have been described in Baedeker and stared at by sight-seers decade after decade. It is as if, under cover of indifference, the choicer things in nature, art and history wished to hide away their heart secrets from the sacrilege of the idly curious. I can well imagine that Jerusalem defends itself in this way during the tourist season, and it is doubtful if the average traveler ever catches anything but the faintest suggestion of the real city of Zion.

I shall never forget the quiet rambles we took about the city in those Autumn days. Not even beggars molested us. The fake beggars who came crawling and limping in from the surrounding villages to demand baksheesh during the tourist season did not think it worth their while that year to

stir from the shelter of their homes. The few beggars we saw were genuine beggars whose pedigrees reached back to blind Bartimeus. One Friday we would follow the weekly Franciscan procession, as it entered the Church of the Holy Sepulchre out of the Via Dolorosa, and wound its way with lighted tapers through the dark ambulatory and down into the blacker chapel of St. Helena, its murmuring chant resounding through the Church and finally breaking into a stately hymn, as the monks ascended the steps to Calvary. On a Saturday we might find ourselves in the synagogue of the Karite Jews—the oldest synagogue in all probability in Jerusalem. Only five families of this heretical Jewish sect are still left in the city. Their synagogue is a diminutive one, partly underground, and out of repair. On the day we visited it the rain was leaking through the roof. But it was spotlessly clean and redolent of devotion, in striking contrast to the stinking vault of a Sephardim synagogue and the tumultuous worship of an Ashkenazim synagogue in the same neighborhood. We sat for two hours while the rain pattered on the roof and listened to the cantillation of the Sabbath lections. There were only four men present and three women in a balcony above. The official reader was too blind to read the service and the other three men read in turns. At the end of the service they shook each other's hands and wished each other "peace," then wrapped their beautifully illuminated Bible away in a silk handkerchief with loving care. Outside the city wall on the slopes of the valley of Hinnom is the dreary cemetery of the Karites, with its rude and nameless stones, where

no doubt these last representatives of the sect will one day be buried.

Our favorite walk was down the Kidron Valley. Half-way down we would turn into Gethsemane and sit under the shade of the old olive trees in the balmy air and look up at the great eastern wall of the city and the Golden Gate, while kindly Fra Giulio picked us posies from his lovingly tended garden.

I have said that the first aspect of Jerusalem is rather uninviting. It is not a city of artistic charm. In this respect it is in sharp contrast with almost any Italian city one may visit. When one has named the glorious Crusading Church of St. Anné, the charming little Convent of the Lentils (St. Nicodemus), tucked away in a back alley of Bezetha and not even mentioned in Baedeker, and the Mosque of Omar, he has named the three really beautiful architectural objects in Jerusalem.

Most of the Churches seem to be caves or dungeons. Religion is largely troglodyte there. The pictures that decorate the walls of the churches and monastaries are usually atrocious and there is practically no statuary. The general impression which the city makes is rather grim and austere and the vast rubbish heap of Ophel which marks the site of the ancient city of David, with its ash-gray slopes of potsherds, decorated with old tin cans and cabbage patches, is positively ugly.

But there is one feature of the city which is always enchanting—*the walls.* Our favorite view of them was from the garden of Gethsemane. Sometimes they would be the mellowest golden-brown when the sun rested on them. Under a passing cloud

they would change to soft greens and mottled grays. One evening we were walking up the Kidron at sunset. The shadows had already gathered in the lonely gulch and the tomb of Absalom looked like a gigantic ghost as we passed it. But the sun had thrown a last jet of fire across the city above us and struck the wall of the Viri Galilaei that rims the brow of Olivet on the opposite side of the valley. The wall stood out above the darkness below like a softly flaming coronet of gold. Isaiah must have had some such scene in mind when he likened Samaria on its hill-top to a crown.

Sometimes we prolonged our stroll over the Mount of Olives to Bethany. The inhabitants of Et Tur on the top of the mountain, who have a rather evil reputation, never troubled us at all. We never tired of watching from the summit the vast, majestic reaches of the wilderness of Judea or the changing colors of the mountains of Moab and the Dead Sea. There is a saddle on the eastern slope of Olivet just beyond the Franciscan site of Bethpage and a few minutes before you arrive at Bethany. It is a very quiet place with marvelous views toward the Frank Mountain on the southeast and toward the Jordan Valley and the upper end of the Dead Sea on the northeast. A little olive grove is there and I have sometimes wondered if the original Garden of Gethsemane was not in that neighborhood, remote, unmolested, with a sense of vastness pervading the landscape—no fitter place for prayer and meditation can be found around Jerusalem.

In these many walks about the city and its en-

virons the utter quietness of it all impressed us constantly. As I think back upon those days it seems as if a strange and solemn hush had fallen upon the city and the hills around it. A subdued and mournful expectancy seemed to tremble in the air.

III

ON October 31st we saw on our morning walk an ominous sight. The Italian flag was flying over the Russian consulate. On our return home we learned that war had been declared between Russia and Turkey, that the Spanish consul had taken the French interests in charge and that our own consul, Dr. Glazebrook, had been requested to look after the British interests. We seemed to be in for it at last, actually trapped in a war zone. That afternoon we walked again through the city. The day was Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath, and happened to be at the same time the Mohammedan feast of Abirman. All shops were closed. Scarcely a person was to be seen on the streets. The stillness of Jerusalem had deepened until it had become uncanny. The sorrowful forebodings of the past few weeks were now to be realized. That ancient capital knew what war and bloodshed meant. In its heart were the recollections of countless agonies, in its ears the cries of the widowed and the fatherless of unnumbered generations. Its garments were stained with the blood of butchered multitudes. Were all these awful experiences to be again repeated? Alas! the past four years have only too well justified those early fears. But for a time things went on, at least for us, about as they had done before. We resumed our explorations of the sacred sites, faked

and genuine, and the spell of the past reasserted itself even in the midst of the commotions of the present. We were subjected to only two annoyances of any consequence. The first was the failure to hear anything definite from the outside world or for that matter from the world immediately about us. Until war was declared we had at least the French and Reuter telegrams with which to balance the German, though the former could not even then be posted on the streets without the danger of being torn down. But after the war began all the allied sources of information failed us. We were shut up to the German and Austrian dispatches. These were meagre in the extreme and seldom admitted any reverses. Even though one was morally certain that there was another side to the story, the effect of constant iteration and reiteration of the same news over a period of several weeks was depressing. The only offset to this discouraging telegraphic influence was an occasional rumor started by some unknown person who had talked with some other unknown person when the latter had landed at an unknown date from an unnamed Italian steamer. Rumors with such pedigrees did not inspire much confidence though they could be used to cancel the wild claims of the Turkish telegrams which now began to be posted up. We were thrown back for fuller information upon our papers from home. These arrived from a month to six weeks after their publication. While our friends were reading extras morning, noon and night, we were being schooled in the useful Oriental lesson of patience and scorn of speed. So far as Jerusalem news was concerned all we could learn

was by word of mouth. The only papers in circulation were in Hebrew and Arabic and they were of course heavily censored.

It is really surprising, when I think back upon it, how very little we managed to find out of what was going on immediately about us. Fortunately, and rather remarkably, too, our home papers were admitted without much censoring. Our private letters were opened, of course. But I doubt if they were read. This was lucky, for our friends indulged in all sorts of tirades against the "unspeakable Turk" which the unspeakable Turk usually allowed to pass with the most exemplary lack of resentment. In some cases, however, he *did* seem to scent some cryptic danger to his fatherland. A letter came to a Swedish friend of ours in which the innocent exhortation "love to the baby" was smudged over by the censor's thumb. The French Consul wished to send a telegram home to his wife and to assure her that he was safe and at ease he mentioned the fact that he was playing bridge. The reference to "bridge" sounded suspicious. Was military information being given to the enemy? Was there a plot to blow up a bridge? The consul had to appeal to the commandant before he could send his telegram through. When leaving the country I had upwards of three hundred slides and a considerable amount of manuscript which I wished to take out with me. I was cheerfully assured by friends that these would give me much trouble, that if the manuscript was found I would probably be put in prison till it was read through. To save trouble at Jaffa I had them all passed and sealed by the censor at

Jerusalem. The only thing objected to was a note on a scrap of paper by my wife stating that she had seen one morning twenty peasant women with bales of *tebn* on their heads being driven into town by soldiers. Our kind-hearted censor did not like the idea that gallant Turkish soldiers were *driving* peasant women. I glossed over the memorandum with the qualification that what the soldiers were really doing was simply *guiding* the women to their proper destination. When I finally reached Jaffa the officials there ignored the Jerusalem censor's seals but on the payment of baksheesh allowed the slides to pass as being "a help to the country." They paid no attention to my manuscripts, but in the search of my person on the dock before embarcation they kept a copy of my will!

The other annoyance to which we, or rather our friends, were subjected for a time arose from the censor's regulations respecting the composition of our own letters. English was debarred. They must be written in Turkish, Arabic, French or German. As German was the only one of these languages we could handle we elected to send home our Christmas greetings in this speech and they fairly reeked with our "froehliche Weinachten" and "herzlichste Grusse." Happily the restriction upon English was lifted after a couple of weeks.

IV

MEANWHILE the effects of the changed situation began to manifest themselves in ways decidedly distressing for others. Requisitions for the army from every possible source of supplies became more frequent and tyrannical. After the first of August when the general mobilization of the Turkish troops was ordered the condition of the fellaheen had gone from bad to worse. The government had no means to support an army and so turned it loose to live off the country. A man in the cavalry service told a friend of ours that his pay was a ruba (a shilling) a month. While we were in Egypt an Australian trooper received six shillings a day. Even in the early days of the summer the newly levied soldiers had to provide their own outfit and rations for five days. But a man could still buy himself off from conscription by the payment of forty napoleons; only he ran the risk of being drafted again after the payment. After the war actually began requisitions and conscription enlarged their maws and gulped down what was left of the peasantry and their livelihood. In Bethany we saw one day a proclamation to the effect that if any one attempted to avoid the conscription he would be shot with a rifle and a cannon and sabered in addition. We chanced to meet there the present innkeeper of the Good Samaritan Inn, a distant

glimpse of which can be obtained from Bethany. He had come in to town to answer the draft and escape a bloody end. We asked him what he thought of it all. He laid the blame on Germany but seemed quite willing to go to war. We asked him what the women and children would do in the meantime. "Work and die" this successor to the kindly host of old answered laconically. One day we heard our poor old egg-man at the Colony had come to grief. He and his donkey had been requisitioned to go to Beersheba. He went to the officers to find out more particulars and had a tooth knocked out for his impudence. Poor old fellow! we used to watch him counting out his eggs, singing their numbers to himself in a kind of chant and always omitting to speak the number seven lest it should bring bad luck. His circumspect enumeration had not saved him or his tooth. On another day we were visited by a party of Bedouins from the Bene Sachr tribe. The son of the sheik who was with them, a lad of only fourteen, was one of the handsomest boys I have ever set eyes on. He was a walking arsenal; guns, cartridges and daggers were fairly festooned about him. They had brought in five hundred camels which had been requisitioned from their tribe. The party was full of war, said they were not afraid of any cannon (which they had probably never seen), could muster 30,000 guns and horses and claimed they were equal in prowess to any four other nations. These Arab tribes under the King of the Hedjaz have since favored the cause of the Entente. The long camel trains, bringing ammunition and provisions for the Egyptian ex-

pedition, were among the commonest sights we saw those autumn weeks. They came trailing over the slopes of Scopus from the north in a never-ending stream. Taxes, of course, in Turkey are always cruelly heavy. Even before the war, many olive trees which had taken years and years to grow were cut down because of the heavy tax upon them. With the war the tax levies became intolerable. One day we saw a lot of signs being taken down from the various shops about the Jaffa Gate. The signs were taxed and as tourist trade had all dried up, it no longer paid to keep these heavily taxed advertisements.

The Jewish inhabitants of Jerusalem were obliged again to endure the sufferings which the Jewish people of Jerusalem have always had to endure throughout the countless ages of its history. Jerusalem is a great pauper asylum even in times of peace. Of its population of 70,000 at the outbreak of the war nearly two-thirds were Jews and the great majority of them were more or less dependent upon charity. It was a hopeless situation and should never have been allowed to develop. In the emergency of the world war it became appalling. Fully a month before we left the city Herr Dr. Cohen of the Deutscher Hilfsverein, one of the most admirable Jewish educational and philanthropic institutions in the city, told me that the Jewish relief committee were feeding some 7000 Jews daily in the soup kitchens. They would not have been able to do this had it not been for the American Jewish Relief Fund which was, indeed, manna sent from heaven in their distress. At the Evelina Rothschild

School, another excellently conducted school for orphan Jewish children, they were able to give the poor little things but one meal a day. When we visited the school Miss L——, the matron, was talking to the children on the war. She asked them what it was that we were all longing for, expecting them to answer *peace.* But at once they replied "Our Messiah." Their minds were full of Israel's hope, for they were practising their songs for the Hannucca festival which commemorates the great deliverance from Antiochus wrought by Judas Maccabaeus. Miss L—— told us of her experience in attempting to dole out bread to the Moghrebins, Jews from North-west Africa, who lived down by the Wailing Wall. They are a savage lot at best and famine had reduced them to the level of beasts. She was obliged to stand at an open window and throw bread out to them. When she had given away all her supply they tried to force their way into the room where she was for more, and actually had to be *whipped* back by the commandant of the city who was with her.

One of the most pathetic sights was at our own Consulate. Whenever one visited it, morning, noon or night, the waiting-room was sure to be filled with timid-eyed old Jews. They had come over from America in order to be buried at Jerusalem. The first thing they do on arrival is to buy a burial plot on the Mount of Olives. This is as near as they can get to the sight of the ancient temple, for the Mohammedans have preempted the ground directly by the temple wall. Both Mohammedans and Jews believe that the Judgment scene is to take place in



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"The Place Called Gethsemane."

the Kidron Valley. The government was, of course, drafting all the Jews into the army and these poor old men were trying to claim exemption as American citizens. But only too often their papers were defective and our kindly Consul could do nothing for them.

V

THE disasters which overtook the fellaheen and the Jews were also to be visited upon the great ecclesiastical orders in Jerusalem.

I well remember a visit we paid to the beautiful crusading church of St. Annés. This church was tenderly and reverently cared for by the White Fathers. Connected with it is the best museum of antiquities in Jerusalem. One pleasant, balmy morning we wandered through the cool gray aisles of the ancient sanctuary. No one, apparently, was about. We descended into the crypt and there in the quiet dimness was a White Father, sitting alone, keeping a vigil over the reputed birth-place of the Virgin. It all seemed very subdued and peaceful and secure. Since we had plenty of time, as we supposed, we did not attempt to see the museum on that visit. A few days later we went again to inspect it. Now all was changed. War had been declared the day before. The White Fathers were fluttering around their once peaceful close like so many white doves disturbed by the approach of an enemy. They feared that St. Annés would be seized. Establishments such as this would make excellent quarters for the Turkish troops.

When we, rather thoughtlessly, asked permission to see the museum, we were told it was impossible. The curator was covered with cobwebs and we

shrewdly suspected that the treasures were being hidden away in some safe crypt. Their fears and precautions were justified. We had scarcely returned home when it was announced that St. Annés was in Moslem hands and later it was turned into a barracks. Then came the news that the Convent of the Freres des Ecoles Chretiennes had been seized. We had spent a morning there, also, only a short time before, examining the ruins of Tancred's Tower, possibly the great tower of Psephinus built by Herod Agrippa. One of the kindly brothers had taken us up to the roof to show us the truly magnificent view which was to be had from this point, perhaps the highest in the city. He pointed out the place where he thought Sennacherib had encamped and the little mosque just by the convent wall which was built to commemorate the spot where Saladin effected his entrance into the city. But now another storm was gathering against the capital and the Christian Brothers were to be caught within its sweep. They were shortly evicted from the shelter of their convent.

The same fate was ultimately visited upon the learned Dominicans of St. Stephen's. I chanced to be at the Convent when Pere La Grange and his colleagues were making preparations against their expected exile. The Dominicans have the best modern library in Jerusalem and many valuable antiquities. They seemed to be more concerned for these than for their own safety. Well they might be. We saw what could happen to such collections one day when we visited the Turkish museum. This was comprised of the collections which Bliss, Sellin

and McKenzie had been obliged to turn over to the Turkish government. Much of the material was boxed up, but it had been so often packed and repacked that it was hopelessly jumbled, while the unpacked articles were lying about the dingy little room gathering cobwebs. It is to be feared that the scientific value of these precious collections has been largely destroyed. As for the Dominicans themselves they were soon to be prisoners in their own convent.

The Russian Hospice was one of the first buildings to be taken over and the military commandant established his headquarters there. It was in these quarters that the ladies of our party joined in the activities of the newly established Jerusalem branch of the Red Crescent Society and learned to make socks and bandages for the Turkish soldiers. There is, or rather was, a Russian convent in the Gorge of the Wady Fara about six miles from Jerusalem. This Wady is one of the wildest of the kind in the neighborhood. The convent itself is located high up on a stupendous cliff in an ancient cave, formerly a hermit's cell and later, I understand, a robbers' den. When we visited it, it had just been pillaged by the natives of the neighboring village of Hismeh. Its walls were riddled with bullets, its eikons pulled down, the tinsel flowers that adorned them scattered over the floor. A solitary guard was set over the desolation after the ruin had been wrought—the usual Turkish way! The world has been sated with nameless horrors since those early days of the war and I realize the little I saw is insignificant by comparison. Yet somehow that

wrecked Russian convent in its environment of grim and savage crags, remote from the haunts of men, has always seemed to me a fit symbol of the madness and mercilessness of the World-war.

But what was to happen to beautiful St. George's? The cathedral was near our home and we had become greatly interested in its fate and in the fate of our friends of the chapter who still remained in Jerusalem. We had been accustomed to attend afternoon service there. It was fine to see the brave attempt which Canon H. and Mr. R., the headmaster of the cathedral-school, made to carry on the stately services of the Church of England amidst their country's enemies. For a time the boy-choir of the school was maintained. But we have been present at a service carried through in all its details, with lections, sermon, responses and anthems, when only two other persons besides ourselves sat in the great nave of the church. The choir was obliged to be disbanded but Canon H. still preached on. Later the Turks dug a great hole before a side altar where they claimed to have heard guns were secreted and we had to sit beside this pit and pray with increased fervor *Good Lord deliver us.* To avoid further vandalism we undertook to dismantle the church ourselves and pack away such of the furnishings as could be packed. Finally we retired to a little side chapel for the services. Not once until the very end were they discontinued. The dignity, solemnity, I think I may truly say the quiet exaltation of those services when just a handful of us were gathered in the great cathedral or in the little chapel, none of us knowing what a day

might bring forth, will never be forgotten by those who participated in them. The majestic calm of the things unseen and eternal seemed to challenge the turmoil of the present.

But what was to happen to all these very peaceable belligerents of the various ecclesiastical orders whose sheltering convents and churches had been seized from over their heads? A hastily written note from Mr. R. received December 10th seemed to decide the question. "Please inform the consul at once," it read, "that we have been ordered to leave Jerusalem for Urfa this afternoon. I am imprisoned in the school-building."

Just a few minutes before the card came I had met Canon H. entering the cathedral close quite innocent of his doom. I hastened over to our consul, Dr. Glazebrook, the friend of every one in need in Jerusalem, Jew or Gentile, Latin, Greek, Protestant or Unbeliever. To my astonishment the Canon was already there. He had passed in at the front gate of the close, learned that he was to be regarded as a prisoner, immediately leaped over a back-wall and declining an invitation to tea from a Mohammedan Effendi who had seen him in this rather strenuous and uncanonical exercise, had hastened over to the consulate for advice. While we were discussing ways and means in came the other prisoner, Mr. R. He had been dispatched by the police to discover the whereabouts of the Canon! But in spite of the fact that the situation had this touch of opera bouffe about it, it was serious enough. Urfa sounded a long way off and very wintry. The journey would have to be made in

inclement weather which was now setting in. The lovely weather of the Autumn had given place to rains that had broken all records for fifty-two years. There would be no consular protection for the prisoners from the probable exactions of the Turkish guards. There were also ugly rumors, and they afterwards proved to be authentic, that Djemal Pasha, at that time the military governor of Damascus, had threatened to shoot the English prisoners if any unfortified seacoast towns were bombarded. It seemed as if our friends were in a very precarious situation.

Dr. and Mrs. Glazebrook were just sitting down to dinner when the two gentlemen came in and invited them to dine. To the eye, it seemed like a cozy little party. But the good cheer of it only threw the actual situation into a gaunter background. It was impossible for our Consul to keep them and they were compelled to leave the shelter of the consulate. Friends assisted them to pack their effects and then we all had tea together in the dismantled study of the Canon—a function which I am sure an Englishman would not omit or fail even to enjoy if his execution were impending within the hour—and waited for the gendarmes. But they did not come. Our Consul secured an order temporary suspending banishment. This was the beginning of a fortnight's cat-and-mouse play with the English ecclesiastics and the other religious orders, most trying to the nerves.

I had all my life been taught to believe in the unchanging East. It is a myth. The lightning-like rapidity with which the scenes were shifted in the

next two weeks was quite beyond my experience. Counter-order followed order in quick succession. But at last it *did* seem as if things had come to a climax. One afternoon we saw between thirty and forty carriages drawn up at the gate of the Dominican convent. There was to be no fooling this time. Northward they were to go. One Father was in the last stages of consumption; another had a broken leg. But all were to be bundled off and must stand the long hard journey as best they could. They were not to start till after dark. That evening Canon H. and Mr. R., who had been imprisoned in the Dominican convent and whose fates were still hanging in the balance, had secured a parole and were dining at the Colony. It was a bleak, windy night and the rain was falling. After dinner we gathered in the great reception room of the Colony which looks out on the Nablous road. It was bright and cheerful inside, but the thoughts of all were upon the Dominicans. Presently we heard the rumble of carriage wheels. It was too dark to see them pass, but for upwards of half an hour we listened with scarcely a word spoken among us as carriage after carriage jolted past us in the darkness carrying the Dominicans to an unknown fate. As I watched the set faces of our two English friends while these doleful sounds came up to us out of the night, the horror of war, only the relatively trivial by-products of which I was witnessing, came over me, the utter helplessness of the thousands upon thousands of innocent harmless people who had been caught in this awful maelstrom of

civilization and were being sucked down into its disastrous vortex.*

Meanwhile our consul was leaving no stone unturned to save the English. Besides our friends of St. George's there was a group of splendid men and women, principally of the C. M. S. and Scotch missions, who had been driven in from their stations in Hebron, Gaza and Nablous. Their headquarters were in the Olivet House where good Mr. Hinsman must have housed them free of charge, for the money they had in the banks was confiscated almost immediately. For two weeks their bags lay packed in the hallway of the hotel ready to start for Damascus, Urfa, or home. They never knew a day ahead what their fate was to be. It was a trying ordeal which finally ended as we shall see in a really dramatic climax. Yet it should be said in justice to the Turkish authorities that while the fate of the English was being decided they were allowed to go about the city with perfect freedom and not once were they subjected to any insult or hostile demonstration.

* We learned afterwards that the Dominicans were ultimately spared. The Pope protested so vigorously to Austria against the exile of the Latin orders that the Dominicans were taken only as far as Beirut where they were allowed to board a steamer for France and freedom.

VI

AS the holidays approached, the situation in Jerusalem became more and more tense. Evidences of the big campaign against Egypt which the Turks were planning to launch multiplied on every hand. Out of our window which looked toward the slopes of Scopus to the north of the city we used to watch the Red Crescent brigade at their daily maneuvers or soldiers practising trench-digging. One day we saw a vast shining mountain of tin raised up just outside the Damascus gate. It proved to be made up of Standard Oil cans. Seventeen thousand of them had been collected for the march through the desert. Another day we attempted to visit Solomon's stone-quarries only to be driven out as soon as we entered by a stench unspeakable. The vast cavern was full of camels which had been herded there to keep them out of the heavy rains. An occasional automobile with dashing officers came racing around the old walls of the city. One turned turtle just outside our doorway, to the great surprise of everybody. A civilization accustomed to the Palestinian ass did not know what to make of this roaring fiery dragon. Rumor finally shaped itself into something like definiteness that the advanced guard of the Expedition under Djemal Pasha himself would shortly arrive and that the Holy Flag was to be brought to the city in token

that the Holy War had begun. Everybody was uneasy, including the Mohammedan population themselves. They were mostly Arabs and they feared the coming of the Turkish soldiery almost as much as the Christians did. I have described elsewhere the two remarkable scenes at the entrance of Djemal Pasha and at the coming of the Flag and must pass over the details here, in order to speak of a third scene in which I happened to participate and which those who took part in it are not likely to forget till their dying day.

The Holy Flag had come to Jerusalem on December 20th. It was on that evening that Mr. Gelat, the dragoman of the American consulate, hurried over to inform us of orders which had just come that all non-belligerent foreigners who wished to leave the country must do so by the 28th of the month or stay till after the war was over. A few days before the order had been that no foreigner could leave. When we heard we couldn't leave we were anxious to go. Now that we learned we *must* leave we wished to stay. Our hope all along had been to attend the midnight mass on Christmas Eve in Bethlehem. But an Italian steamer was due at Jaffa the next day, the 21st, and we could not afford to take risks. Instead we spent a good part of the night in packing for our flight into Egypt. But the next day it was blowing heavily and word came from Jaffa that no steamer could take on passengers. This gave us a breathing-space and time to think over the meaning of what we had been passing through. It was a unique, a memorable experience in which we had been permitted to share.

We had seen great historical events transpiring in the city of the Prophets, the Apostles and the Lord. We had seen the city itself facing with a grave and solemn air the new crisis in its strange eventful history. Perhaps it was not inappropriate after all—or rather was there not a mystical necessity operating in the fact that the world war had involved the world city in its devastating sweep? Could Jerusalem exempt itself from the agony of mankind and remain true to its tragic past or to its prophetic future?

We walked about in a dazed sort of way waiting for news of another steamer. Word soon came that another steamer was expected in the early morning of the 26th. We were obliged to leave the 24th to make sure of catching it. Christmas was to be spent at Jaffa instead of at Jerusalem or Bethany. It was a disappointment. We said good-bye with genuine regret to the warm friends whom we had made at the Colony and who had done so much in the past weeks to make our stay pleasant and profitable in spite of the anxieties of the time. At the station we found a terrible jam, for at the last moment orders had come to let the religious orders, including the English, leave the country. Dr. and Mrs. Glazebrook were there to see us off, though it was fortunately not the last time we were to see them. Dear old Major F. was also there to wave us farewell. He was a retired English officer who loved Jerusalem and all it stood for. He was in charge of Gordon's Calvary, a really beautiful spot which Chinese Gordon had once suggested was the place of Christ's burial and which an English so-

ciety has carefully explored and preserved. He had shown us about the place one quiet afternoon, with an enthusiasm for the genuineness of this very fine rock tomb, the contagion of which it was hard to resist. When the permit finally came for the English to leave, the Major would not take advantage of it. He was firmly persuaded that this war was Armageddon, and he wished to be in Jerusalem at the great day of revelation. So there he stood on the platform cheerfully waving us of lesser faith a final friendly good-bye.

That evening a great crowd of us refugees found ourselves located at Hardegg's Jerusalem Hotel in Jaffa. Mr. Hardegg is a German citizen but at that time he was acting as our vice-consular agent. The English had lodged some complaints with our Consul for allowing a citizen of one of the enemy countries to continue discharging his functions as a United States agent at such a time, but before the next two days were over they had changed their minds about him. I had some difficulties of my own about which I went to seek his advice. As I left he remarked: "This is Christmas Eve; these are my country's enemies in my hotel; but I am going to have a Christmas party and invite them to it." And so after dinner we gathered together as many of us as could crowd into the private apartments of the Hardegg family. A Christmas tree was standing there with its twinkling candles. Grouped about it were our English friends of St. George's, with a number of the other English and Scotch missionaries, a party of Franciscan Friars in their dark brown robes, and a variegated collection of Ameri-

cans. There was to be a little Christmas interlude, written for the occasion by the sister-in-law of Mr. Hardegg, and performed by the children of the family. First, a young boy came out with helmet and sword and recited what war had done in the world. He was followed by another boy who represented *Kultur* (the World has laughed at Kultur much since then, yet these people had a faith in it which was touching). Then a young girl appeared who sang the praises of peace, and last of all a tiny little *mädchen* in white who represented the angel of the Christ-child supreme over all. The German child stood just in front of a Franciscan and Canon S., a magnificent type of a Scotchman, and she lisped her verses. There was no war between the monk, the missionary and the little maid. In spite of the sharp differences in our religious beliefs, in spite of the still bitterer political differences which then divided us, all of us felt for the moment at least the supreme and unifying power of the Christ-child; and after the interlude it was natural for German chorals and English carols to be sung in turn by the enemies gathered together around the Christmas tree in Mr. Hardegg's Jerusalem Hotel! We subsequently read of the strange longing for reconciliation and the desire to express goodwill which took possession of the troops on either side of No Man's Land that first Christmas of the War, but I believe the story has never been told till now of the first War-Christmas in Jaffa. We had failed to hear the midnight mass at Bethlehem, but we had worshipped at a new birth of the Christ spirit, which was far more beautiful.

Christmas Day itself, it seemed, would never end. No one had slept much the night before. Would the steamer come at the appointed time? Would we be allowed to go on board when she did come? Orders had been changed so suddenly and so often already that nobody had any assurance that a permit to leave would last for twenty-four hours. The elders tried to forget their anxieties by amusing the children of the party. It was a perfectly heavenly day after the previous storms and Canon H. and Mr. R. took the children down to the seashore to skip stones in the unruffled blue Mediterranean. Later in the day, a few toys were purchased in a dingy little Jaffa shop and a Christmas party was held at which Santa Claus himself appeared.

But the English became so anxious that finally Dr. Glazebrook was telegraphed for. His coming brought a feeling of great relief and the Christmas dinner which Mr. Hardegg had patched up for us was eaten with considerable gusto by those of us who had not succumbed to splitting nervous headaches.

The next morning the Italian steamer *Firenzi* was reported in the offing. The Montgomerys and ourselves were the first to arrive at the Customs house, and before we realized it we were all on the narrow dock standing before the Kaimakam of Jaffa. For weeks he had spread terror through the city, and rumors of his deeds had reached Jerusalem. He was a fat, coarse-looking man, with a smile which was anything but reassuring. He pretended to read our passports, cocked a side-long

eye at us, stroked the cheek of our small boy and said *tayib* (good), and before we knew it we found ourselves being rowed out to the *Firenzi* over the gentle swells, freed at last of all anxiety as to ourselves.

But what of our friends? We reached the *Firenzi* about nine o'clock in the morning. At first all seemed to be going well. Boat-load after boat-load of refugees was coming on board. Jews, monks and nuns, the Franciscans, the Sisters of Zion, Sisters of St. Vincent and St. Paul, Sisters of the Reparatrice, poor Carmelite nuns who had buried themselves in a living death in their convent on the Mount of Olives and now awakened to a cruel resurrection, with veils pushed back, and rudely jostled by the crowd on the ship's decks—eight hundred of them altogether. Among them came some of the English ladies with bad news. The Englishmen had got down to the dock and in spite of their permits to leave, had been ordered back to their hotel by the sly Governor of Jaffa. In the afternoon Cook's agent came on board to take their baggage back. They had twice tried to get through and twice been ordered back, and some of them had been roughly handled. It was a difficult situation for the English ladies, already on board the steamer. Should they rejoin their husbands or stay on board?

It was at this juncture that the wisdom of telegraphing for Dr. Glazebrook appeared. Our Consul at Jerusalem was a Virginian, an ex-army officer. He was a gentleman of the old school, in whom courtliness and kindliness were blended in rare



Photo by Prof. E. J. Banks. CANAL AT BUSREH, AMONG THE DATE GARDENS IN "EDEN LAND."

degree. His unfailing tact and courtesy and a native diplomatic sense had achieved in the preceding weeks what the American business-man type of consul could not possibly have accomplished. His stately courtesy pleased the Oriental and his evident desire to be fair won the Turk's confidence.

I shall never forget a meeting I witnessed between him and the sheik of the Bene Sachr tribe—the son of Virginia and the son of the desert. It was interesting to see how each at once recognized in the other the gentleman which he was himself. They were on good terms immediately, though neither could understand a word of what the other said. But when our Consul thought any wrong or meanness was being done, his chivalrous indignation would mount high. At the Christmas dinner he had been toasted with rousing cheers by all present for the good work he had done. But now all his efforts seemed to be undone. He was the official protector of the English. Their papers were in order but he had suffered the mortification of twice seeing the English file dejectedly past him, their papers ignored by the obstinate man with the side-long eyes and the unpleasant smile. It was then as we afterwards learned, that he told the Kaimakam of Jaffa quietly but firmly that he proposed to sit on that dock until the English were released, and he actually did take a chair and sit himself down in a way to suggest that he was a fixture.

Then an interesting thing happened. Our cruiser, the *Tennessee*, had been expected for several days from Beirut. All day long we had been watching for it eagerly. About four in the afternoon,

smoke was seen on the horizon and presently our warship, flying our flag (and it is a wonderfully beautiful flag) steamed up in the offing. The Consul saw that smoke and so did the Kaimakam. At once he called to Dr. Glazebrook that for *his* sake, he would let the English go! In the late afternoon we saw a boat putting out from shore loaded to the gunwale. As it came nearer we watched eagerly to see if it held the English. It did, and a great cheer went up from the decks of the steamer. Shortly afterwards Dr. Glazebrook himself came alongside in a little dory to bid us godspeed. The fine old soldier had won his fight, and even a louder cheer bore tribute to his victory.

As we steamed away for Egypt the sun was setting and the sea and sky were swimming in color. To the east, however, the Judaean hills were beginning to edge their dark shadows into the glory. Up there within the gathering gloom lay the ancient city, austere, resolved, waiting for the woe that was to come. On the after deck of the *Firenzi* the Sisters of St. Vincent and St. Paul in their blue dresses and great white-winged bonnets were singing the vesper hymn.

III

THE "EDEN LAND" AND THE LANDS OF BIBLE HISTORY

How They Are Affected by the World War—The Morning Land of the Race and Its Future Development

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By Professor Edgar J. Banks

THE "EDEN LAND" IN EARLY TIMES

By Professor Edgar J. Banks

THOUGH we generally call Palestine the original home of the Hebrew people, all of early Bible history is laid far to the east beyond the desert. Shinar, as the Hebrews called the distant land between the Lower Tigris and Euphrates, was their original home. To the Babylonians the land was Sumer and Accad. Later it was Babylonia. The Greeks knew it as Mesopotamia. To the modern Turks it is Irak. There where the rivers meet was the scene of the story of the Garden of Eden, the birthplace of man. A little to the north stood the Tower of Babel. There Noah built the ark which saved him and his family from the flood. Farther north, where the rivers rise, is Mt. Ararat, the first land to emerge from the flood.

From the land of Shinar, Nimrod, the mighty hunter, went north to build Assur, and to found the great Assyrian Empire. In Ur of the Chaldees Abraham was born. From Ur he and his people migrated across the desert to Palestine; that was the beginning of the Hebrew nation. The children of Abraham sent back to the land of their fathers for wives to be the mothers of their children. Centuries later, time and time again, the kings of

Assyria and Babylonia invaded Palestine to carry the Hebrews back as exiles to their homeland. There by the waters of Babylon the exiles first sang the psalms which we sing to this very day. And there Ezekiel lived and preached. So the old "Eden Land" between the rivers is closely associated with much of Hebrew history.

Far in the north, at the base of Mount Ararat, the two rivers take their rise side by side. Flowing apart, they first encircle Assyria. Again, near the modern city of Bagdad, they approach within forty miles of each other. Once more they spread out, encircling Babylonia, and finally, after the Euphrates has run its course of 1800 miles, and the more direct Tigris 1150 miles, they come together at Kurna to flow in a single stream to the Persian Gulf. The united stream is called the Shatt el-Aram, or the Arabic River.

If you should travel north and south through Armenia where the rivers rise, you would have the impression that all the mountains of the world have been congregated there. Ararat, overtowering all other peaks, rears its snow clad head 17,212 feet above the sea. You would cross range after range with peaks 10,000 feet high, along trails almost too rough and steep for a horse to climb. You would find villages perched in almost inaccessible places, where probably a wheeled vehicle has never been seen. From the brush-covered Armenian hills you descend into the rolling stony plain which was once Assyria. The ruins of Nineveh and Nimrud and other great cities now lie in a monotonous country, fit only for the grazing of camels. Finally the domes

and minarets of Bagdad appear among the date palms. From there to the Persian Gulf stretches a perfectly level alluvial plain without a natural hill, yet it is dotted with thousands of hill-like mounds. They are the gravestones of past civilizations.

At the present time the Persian Gulf is growing shorter at the rate of seventy-two feet a year, for its northern end is rapidly being filled with the deposit brought down by the rivers. Each day in springtime the Tigris carries past Bagdad 170,000 pounds of silt, and the waters of the Euphrates are still more muddy. At one time the Gulf extended so far to the north that the rivers emptied into it by separate mouths; now their confluence is seventy miles away. There was a time still more remote when the Gulf must have reached to Bagdad. That is why Babylonia is the most fertile land in the world.

The climate of the "Eden Land" reaches the two extremes. It is said that, when the land was a part of Persia, a Persian prince wrote a history of his father's kingdom, and he began the history with these words: "My father's kingdom extends so far to the north that men can not live there because of the cold; it extends so far to the south that men can not live there because of the heat." That sounds like a fairy tale, yet it is literally true. The snow in the northern mountains lies so deep for several months of the year that intercourse between the villages is difficult. The mountaineers are forced by the cold to abandon their homes for the more moderate climate of lower levels. Down by the Persian Gulf the summers are excessively hot. At the

approach of the heated months, many even of the poorest natives flee to the Persian mountains for relief. If necessity keeps them at home, they spend the days in underground chambers, and the nights on the roof. From May till October not a drop of rain falls; not a cloud is in the sky, and every day the sun, like a ball of fire, sends down its scorching rays, withering the vegetation, and destroying most insect life. Little but the annoying sand flies and the scorpions seem to thrive. The breeze from the desert seems like a blast from a furnace, and sometimes the air is laden with a fine penetrating sand. Only here is the date palm at its best, for the greatest of heat is required to ripen its delicious fruit. On the coldest of winter nights ice will form, and snow has been known to fall.

Naturally, in a land with such extremes of temperature the vegetation is various. The northern mountains were once covered with forests of oak. There is an Oriental saying that "Wherever the Turk has placed his foot the grass refuses to grow," and it is almost true, for wherever the Turk has gone he has cut off the trees for making charcoal, leaving the mountains bare, or with only ragged patches of scrubs. South of the mountains, everywhere in the desert, grows the thorny *argool* of which the camels are so fond. In the summer time there is little other vegetation, but during the rainy winter the desert is clothed with herbage and dotted with flowers of brilliant hue. Along the shores of the rivers are patches of tall reeds and tamerisk bushes; farther inland grows the wild liquorice. Only below Bagdad does the date palm flourish, and

you travel down the stream it appears in ever increasing numbers until at the head of the Gulf are vast forests of the trees. Grapes, oranges, figs, lemons and delicious melons abound in the land.

Of animal life in the "Eden Land" there is little to say. The Assyrian kings used to boast of the lions they had killed, and the sculptured slabs from the palace walls represent the kings at their favorite sport, but the last lion of the land was shot some years ago as it was attempting to leap onto a Tigris River boat. Jackals roam about everywhere, and frequently they are seen stealing down to the rivers to drink. All night long you may hear them crying like children lost in the wilderness. Wild pigs inhabit the reedy places along the rivers, and the beautiful gazelle is seen leaping over the plains. In the southern marshes various kinds of large water birds abound. Fish swarm the rivers. Fresh water sharks of prodigious size travel up the Tigris as far as Bagdad. House flies, sand flies, fleas and lice of every description, find the land a paradise. Centipedes and scorpions, both yellow and black, the kangaroo rat, and lizards of huge size thrive in the dirt. Snakes are seldom seen.

A list of the names of all the peoples who have lived in the "Eden Land" would be long indeed. Many of the names would sound strange to most of us. Far in the north, about the base of Mt. Ararat, once lived the Vannic people who have left inscriptions carved in the rocks of the mountains. There too were the Hittites, those mysterious Bible people who once spread over a greater part of the Orient, and the Armenians, who may have been their

descendants. The Kurds, hardy, lawless brigands, have long occupied the mountain fastnesses. The strange Yezidis occupy the Armenian foot hills and the northern Assyrian plain. The Chaldeans are found in every part of the valley. Following the Assyrians came the Medes and Parthians. Farther south in Babylonia were the Sumerians, whose cities now lie beneath other cities older even than the days of Abraham. Then came the Babylonians and Persians and Greeks and Romans and the Arabs and the strange hordes from Central Asia, among them the Turks, and finally into the old "Eden Land" have penetrated the British.

Several times has civilization come to the "Eden Land." Six thousand or more years ago there appeared from some unknown region a short, black haired, round headed race known as the Sumerians. But they were not the first to inhabit the valley, for deep beneath the ruins of their cities are found crude implements and the pottery of a primitive people. When the Sumerians came to the valley they already knew how to write, to work statues in stone, to make beautiful jewelry of silver, gold and copper, and they had a developed religious system. They built large cities protected with strong walls, and several of them, as Adab, Tello, Nippur and Erech, have yielded valuable results to the excavator.

After the Sumerians had occupied the "Eden Land" for several centuries, it is not known just how long, there appeared a Semitic people later known as the Babylonians. They were uncivilized and warlike. Quickly they overran the valley, taking city after city. They admired the Sumerians

whom they subdued, for they learned to write their own language with the Sumerian wedge-shaped signs. They worshipped in the Sumerian temples and borrowed their religious customs. They chanted the Sumerian temple hymns in the Sumerian language long after this older people had been forgotten, for three thousand years till Babylon fell. They dug canals, like huge rivers, to water the land until the entire valley became a veritable garden. It is said that the soil produced three crops a year. The population became so dense that colonies were sent out. One migration went up the Tigris to the city of Assur, and thus the Assyrian nation had its birth. Other migrations crossed to the Mediterranean; among them were Abraham and his people. In 794 B.C. there were in Babylonia alone more than 89 fortified cities and 820 smaller towns. Babylon, Nippur, Erech, Larsa, Ur, Cutha, Sippar, all familiar Bible names, were but a few of the great centers of population.

Assyria in the north, though a less fertile land, also flourished. Assur, Nimrud, Khorsabad, Nineveh and a score of smaller towns, rose to power. The Assyrian armies fought in the Hittite land, in Armenia, in Egypt, in Palestine and in Babylonia. In 606 B.C. Nineveh fell. Less than a century later, in 538 B.C., Babylon was taken by the Persians. The people of both empires were killed or deported or impoverished. The land was no longer tilled; the life-giving canals were choked with sand; the date gardens perished; the cities fell to ruins and became shapeless mounds of clay. Where once were prosperous cities and fertile fields, the wild beasts

of the desert prowled, and owls and jackals dwelt in the palaces of the kings. Once the walls of the great city of Babylon were partly restored that the city within might be the wild game preserve of a Persian King. So Babylon and Assyria passed away, and only countless mounds of clay remained to tell later generations of a civilization which had lived for more than thirty centuries.

II

THE COMING OF THE MOSLEMS

A THOUSAND years later, about 576, A.D., long after the names of the cities and kings of the "Eden Land" had been forgotten, Mohammed was born in Mecca. His new religion spread like wildfire over the desert. The Arab tribes, always warring among themselves, united and produced one of the most remarkable civilizations the world has ever known. That civilization came to the old "Eden Land." Among the ruins of the old cities new cities sprang up, and in 762 A.D. Bagdad was built on the site of a Babylonian city of that same name. The story of Bagdad reads like a tale from the Arabian Nights. At one time it was a city of two millions, the metropolis of the world, the center of art, of education and of commerce. But its prosperity was comparatively brief. The Mohammedan world, weakened by wealth and power, began to decline, and in 1258 A.D. the Mongols plundered and burned Bagdad. Other cities followed its fate. The people were massacred, and again the "Eden Land," left to itself, became a desert.

All the valley from the Persian Gulf to the foot hills of Armenia is now overrun by wandering Arab tribes. Only here and there along the rivers or canals are there towns of any consequence. Bagdad has a population of 200,000 instead of 2,000,000.

Busreh, the Persian Gulf port, from which Sindbad the Sailor used to start upon his wonderful expeditions, has 50,000. Mosul, near the site of ancient Nineveh, has 60,000. The sacred city of Kerbela has 70,000. Few others can boast of more than ten thousand. It would be difficult to estimate the population of the entire valley; probably it numbers less than the people who once lived in Bagdad alone. In South Babylonia, to the east of the Tigris, are the Beni-Lam, savages which the Turks have never been quite able to subdue. In the great southern marshes between the rivers are the wild Ma'aden, living in huts of mud and reeds, and plundering the travelers who pass that way. In Central Babylonia are the more civilized Montifik, grazing their herds of sheep and goats and donkeys and camels far into Central Arabia. The powerful Shammar farther north along the Euphrates, and the Anezeh to the east toward Nineveh, are the largest of the tribes upon which scores of the smaller tribes are dependent.

Persian merchants live in considerable numbers, especially in Bagdad and the sacred cities. Their peculiar costume is a familiar sight, and in places Persian money passes as freely as Turkish.

The Turks have never been numerous in Mesopotamia. They are confined chiefly to the official class, and hold themselves aloof from all others. The Constantinople Turk, even a high official sent by the government to Bagdad, feels that he has been exiled.

More numerous are the Chaldean Christians who claim to be the descendants of the Babylonians and

Assyrians, and frequently among them may be seen a face reminding you of the portraits of the Assyrian kings. Their language resembles the ancient Chaldean. They seldom live outside the large towns, and at Tel Keif, north of Nineveh, they are more numerous than elsewhere.

Jews are found in every part of the valley, and even among the Bedouin tribes of the desert they seem at home. About forty thousand of them live in Bagdad. They are the bankers and the merchants and the agents who go throughout the desert to purchase wool and the antiquities found among the ruins by the Arabs. Probably they are the descendants of the Hebrew exiles brought over in ancient times from Samaria and Jerusalem. Their chief is still called the Prince of the Captivity, a title which Ezekiel bore. During the Middle Ages they were obliged to dress in a peculiar yellow costume, and traces of it still cling to them. They observe the ancient Hebrew customs, and in connection with some of their services they offer animals in sacrifice. They are by far the most industrious and progressive people in Mesopotamia.

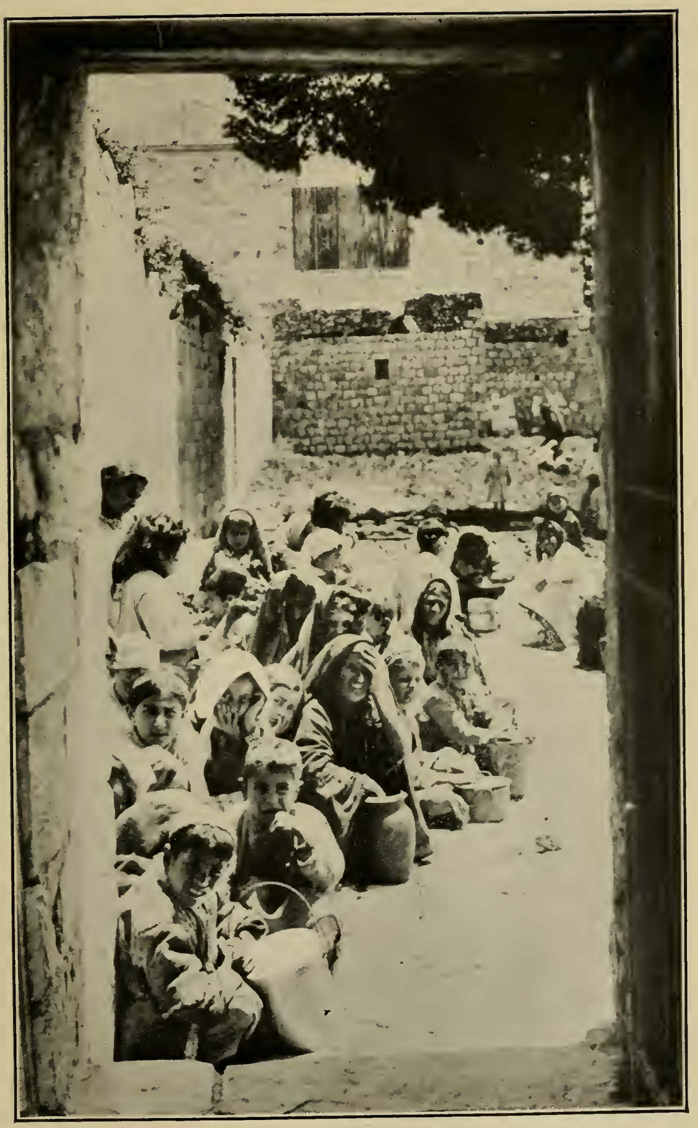
Kurds, too, though their home is in the Armenian mountains, live in all parts of the valley, especially in the larger towns. They are the porters or hamals of Bagdad, strong men who bear incredible burdens on their shoulders. They make the best of soldiers and mounted police.

As interesting as any of the peoples of the "Eden Land" are the Mandæans or Sabeans or Subi, or, as they are sometimes called, the followers of John the Baptist. They live by the rivers and canals, chiefly

along the Lower Euphrates. They are famed throughout the land as inlayers of silver objects such as cigarette cases, match boxes, and the various ornaments worn by the desert women. Their religion is a mixture of ancient paganism, Judaism, Christianity and Mohammedanism. John the Baptist was their great prophet, but to them both Jesus and Mohammed were false. Though they speak Arabic, their sacred writings are in Aramaic. Just as the Mohammedans face Mecca when they pray, the Mandæans face the North Star. Baptism or immersion they practise on all occasions, frequently several times a day, and therefore they live only near some running stream. Even on the coldest of winter days you may see them plunging into the river to conform to their religious laws.

Stranger still are the Yezidis of the north. Devil worshippers they are frequently called, and their dark forbidding faces seem to make that title appropriate. To them Satan is a fallen angel greatly to be feared. Not even his name may be mentioned in their presence. They regard both Jesus and Mohammed as angels. Of all the peoples in the "Eden Land" they are probably the most inhospitable and fanatical.

Armenians frequently leave their mountain homes for the warmer climate in the south. During recent years Europeans have settled in the larger towns for the purposes of trade. Such are the peoples of the "Eden Land" today. It is a strange mingling of races and tongues and beliefs and customs, possible only in a land where intercourse is difficult and where time has wrought few changes.



Waiting the Opening of a Coffee Relief Station.

III

THE SIMPLE LIFE OF THE "EDEN LAND"

UNTIL very recent times no part of the world has been less affected by European civilization than has the "Eden Land." Even in Bagdad life and customs remind one of ancient times; the city seemed to be a survival of Nineveh or Babylon. Bagdad, like most of the ancient cities, lies on the two sides of the river; the two parts are connected with an ancient bridge of boats. In the center of the town, near the ends of the bridge, are the bazaars, crowded from daylight till dark with a picturesque throng of idlers. The narrow streets, arched above, or covered with reed mats on poles, protect the people from the summer heat and the winter rains. There, all day long, even on the brightest days, perpetual twilight reigns. The little square booths, raised about two feet above the street, have no windows or doors; their entire fronts are open. The other three sides are lined with goods. The merchant, squatting on the floor, patiently awaits a customer. When one appears he bargains the hours away for the highest possible price; time has little value. Merchants of similar goods flock together. The vivid colors of the silk bazaar, the strange subtle fragrance of the spice

bazaar, the din of the copper beaters of the metal bazaar, the dust laden air of the cotton bazaar, the peculiar cries of the wandering venders, the harsh shouts of the muleteers to drive the people from the way, the motley crowd of people, the townsman with long flowing silky gown, the Persian with tall felt hat, the desert Arab with face half hidden, the naked dervish, the women so hidden in great silk gowns and veils that their own husbands would not know them, camels and donkeys laden with goods from distant cities,—these and a thousand other impressions form a picture which the stranger will never forget.

Along the river's edge by the bazaars are the open cafés, crowded with idlers sipping bitter coffee and puffing at long water pipes. By the river too are the low rickety government buildings, the consulates of the foreign powers, and the homes of the wealthy. The better Bagdad house is a great flat-roofed structure of brick, surrounding an open court. On the ground floor are the servants' quarters, the kitchen, the stables and the serdaub or half-underground chamber where the family spends the hot summer days. On the second floor are the poorly furnished living rooms. But the roof is a really delightful spot; there the evening meal is eaten, there the children play, there the neighbor comes for a little chat and a smoke during the twilight hours, and there the beds are spread for the night. Everyone sleeps on the roof. Back from the river lives the great mass of the people. The streets are so narrow that with your hands you may touch the houses on both sides at the same time. They seem

like deep trenches, for no windows open upon them. They are so winding that they form a great labyrinth in which a native may easily lose his way. Before every house is a garbage pile growing higher and higher with age so that you must descend several steps to reach the house door. It has been said that no one has ever seen a dead donkey, but he who said it has never been in Bagdad. Hosts of street dogs, as in ancient Samaria, find a perpetual feast in the garbage piles. Most of the houses are of brick; some are of mud, with a small court opening from the street. At the rear of the court are the two or three chambers. The furnishings are simple. In the court is a pot-like clay oven for the bread. At its side is a huge pot for the water the donkey has brought from the river. A few copper pots hanging on the wall, at one side of the room a little clay bench covered with a reed mat or a carpet to serve as a bed, and the simple house is complete.

There are hans or inns where the stranger may lodge. In the large open court the animals are hitched and fed while the guests occupy alcoves or unfurnished airless chambers at its side. There are numerous hot baths frequented by both men and women, and churches and synagogues and mosques. Schools for the Jews and Christians have been established by missionaries. The Moslem schools are not worthy of the name. Society, as we understand it, does not exist. The pleasures of the Bagdadi are few. For the very poor life is a continual struggle. The great universal desire is to do nothing, or to lounge in the cafés smoking and listening to the

tales of other loungers, or playing backgammon. An outing may be had in a neighboring garden, or a sail at twilight in a round bowl-like boat on the river, or a ride on the mare in the desert about the city. The women gather at the baths to gossip.

Such is life in the larger towns of the "Eden Land." In the smaller places, like Kut el-Amara, now brought to prominence by the war, it is even more primitive. Kut is a typical river town inhabited by Arabs and Persians, merely a trading place for the desert Arabs. The bazaars are small and poorly stocked with inferior goods such as the desert people require. The houses are simpler than those of Bagdad, usually with a single room. A government building, a bath, a café, a han for the passing pilgrims, are the only buildings of importance.

Out in the desert life is more simple still. Black goat-hair tent encampments pitched wherever the pasturage is good, huts of reeds or of mud to shelter the more settled Arabs, constant fighting to end an ancient blood feud, an endless struggle with heat and cold and hunger and drought,—that is life in the desert. The Arab knows no other and is satisfied.

Though most of the "Eden Land" is a desert, its industries are of no slight importance. Southern Babylonia is a great date garden. The shores of the Shatt el-Arab, and the country on either side for miles back, supply the world with dates. Farther north between the rivers grows the liquorice, and thousands of Arabs are employed in digging the sweet root to supply the foreign markets. The Bedouin Arabs possess great herds of sheep, and the hides and wool and casings sent to Europe and

America bring them their chief income. Once a year the camels are driven to the large cities to market. The poppy produces opium. Gum is collected from the trees in the mountains, and ghee or clarified butter is shipped to India. Until very recently Bagdad has been an important center of the rug industry. The Persian pilgrims, bound for the sacred cities, used to bring the old family rugs and heirlooms and sell them in Bagdad to meet the expenses of the journey. Since the railroad was built from Damascus to Medina, the pilgrims have preferred to go by boat from a Black Sea port to Constantinople and Beirut, and now they sell their rugs in those cities. In 1911 the exports from Bagdad alone amounted to $1,392,583. Of this the goods to America were valued at $276,180.

The modern industries are but a fraction of what the valley has produced in the past, or is capable of producing. Should you travel north or south anywhere below Bagdad, you would notice ridges of dirt running everywhere across the desert. They mark the ancient canals which used to bring an abundance of water to the remotest parts. No country has ever had a more perfect or extensive system of irrigation. Enormous date gardens extended northward to Bagdad and beyond. Still farther north were endless fields of grain. Climb to the summit of any of the ruin mounds and you can imagine how dense was the valley's population. Dotting the plain everywhere, as far as the eye can reach, are ruins and ruins, thousands of them. Some are so low that they hardly rise above the level of the plain; others tower to the height of

150 feet. Some are but a few acres in extent; others as many miles, and each mound is the grave of an ancient city or village. Where once were towns without number, and hordes of people, and fertile fields and life-giving canals, you will see only desert with perhaps a black tent encampment, or a solitary horseman, or a few grazing camels.

IV

MODERN PROGRESS AT WORK

HOPE has long been entertained that the old canals may be reopened, the desert irrigated and the country reclaimed, for the eleven millions of acres of rich soil could produce cotton and grain enough to supply half the world. Some years ago Sir William Wilcox, whose name is familiar as the builder of the great Nile dam at Assuan, was sent by the British Government to examine the ancient system of canals with a view to reopening them. Several years were spent in completing the details of the project. The plan provided for canals to distribute the river water, for large dams across the Euphrates to prevent flooding, and canals to carry away the surplus water in the flood season when it is filled with silt. Much of the Babylonian soil is now saturated with saltpeter, and provision was made for washing it away. The Euphrates at Babylon has long been dry, for the river ran away into the Hindieh canal and turned vast tracts of the desert into a swamp. A large dam was planned for the entrance to the canal to turn the water back to its original course. Sir John Jackson of London, with a staff of thirty engineers, was placed in charge, and a fund of $22,-

000,000 was to be devoted to this part of the project.

From Kut el-Amara on the Tigris, running across the valley to the Euphrates, is the ancient canal now called the Shatt el-Hai. It is navigable for native craft in the flood season. Scarcely any of the land along its shores is cultivated. The plan provided for the expenditure of $12,000,000 for irrigating this district and for draining the malarial swamps to the south.

The draining of the swamps about the date bearing region along the Shatt el-Arab was also provided for. The total project was to have cost about $65,000,000. The work was begun; some of the old canals were reopened; some of the swamps were drained; the run-away waters of the Euphrates were controlled by a dam; several millions of acres of land were reclaimed, and the work was progressing so rapidly that people could not be found fast enough to settle there. Babylonia was fast becoming a great healthy fertile garden. Then the war broke out and the work came to an end.

In the meantime, the Germans were devising schemes for exploiting the land. In 1912 they obtained from the Turkish Government a concession to build a railroad from Constantinople to Bagdad. In 1911 German engineers arrived in Bagdad to begin the work of construction from that end. It was begun on July 27, 1912. Its completion was expected within five years. German spies, in the guise of missionaries and explorers, came to prepare for future events. A German excavating expedition to Assur, the old Assyrian capital on the Tigris,

built one of the strongest forts that the country possesses. It was claimed that it was for protection from the Arabs. The walls of the old city of Nineveh were being quarried for stone for the construction of a railroad bridge across the river. Until shortly before the war there were but two lines of river steamers from Busreh to Bagdad, but the prosperity of the country became so great that in 1912 the number of the lines was increased to nine. There was an unusual demand for labor. Wages mounted; rents were doubled; hotels, vast store houses, hospitals and private residences were constructed. It seemed to the native that at last prosperity had come. The British were reclaiming his land for him. The Germans were connecting it with the rest of the world, and providing a way to carry his produce to market. Then the great war broke out.

V

THE EDEN LAND'S PART IN THE GREAT WAR

THE part that the "Eden Land" has played in the war has not been slight. It was the belief of the German rulers that at the command of the Sultan of Turkey the entire Mohammedan world would rise in a holy war to drive the British from the East. Mesopotamia especially, it was supposed, would eagerly welcome a holy war, for to the Persians and most Eastern Arabs, Kerbela and Nejef are the most sacred places on earth. Surely all of Mesopotamia would rise to expel the British. What was the result? The Arabs of all Arabia rebelled and threw off the Turkish yoke. They rejected the Sultan as their religious head. They drove the Turks from Mecca, and placed upon the throne a ruler of their own, a real descendant of Mohammed. For a time the Mesopotamian Arabs were faithful to the Sultan, but when they saw the British armies advancing up the valley, they too abandoned the Turks. The story of the British retreat from Ctesiphon to Kut, the siege of Kut and its capture, the advance of the British again, and the capture of Bagdad, the steady progress up both the Tigris and the Euphrates half-way from Bagdad to Nineveh, is

familiar. All Babylonia is now under British control, and not since ancient days has there been such security and prosperity as now. The miserable, malarial city of Busreh has been rebuilt and enlarged, and all the region about has been made safe. Wharves for ocean-going steamers have been constructed. Hotels and beautiful private homes have been built. The canals which gave the city the appearance of an Oriental Venice have been walled and bridged. The streets have been paved, street cars, electric lights and the telephone have been installed. The squalid village of Kut has been entirely remade. The filthy bazaars have become a beautiful colonnade along the river. Bagdad is fast resuming its former splendor when it bore the title "The Glorious City." Sewers have been laid, the streets widened and paved, and the people are prosperous and contented. The Euphrates has been made navigable in places where it was not deep enough for a canoe to pass. Railroads have been constructed from Busreh to Bagdad and beyond. The desert along the way has been transformed to wheat fields and dairy farms, and all Lower Mesopotamia promises to become again as fertile, as thickly populated, as wealthy as ever it was in its palmiest days.

For the student of Biblical or ancient history the future of the Eden land holds much in store. As long as Turkish rule extended over the valley the work of the excavator among the ancient ruins was attended with many difficulties. To obtain the permission to excavate was a long and costly process. If once it was obtained every possible

obstacle was placed in the excavator's way, and all the objects he discovered belonged to the unappreciative Turks. So all but a few of the thousands of buried cities have remained untouched. There they still lie filled with the treasures and records of ancient time. Near Hillah on the Euphrates is the lofty ruin associated with the story of the Tower of Babel. On the Lower Euphrates near Nasarieh, are the extensive mounds of Mugheir, marking the site of Ur of the Chaldees where Abraham was born. Farther toward the Arabian plateau are the ruins of Eridu. To the north of Nasarieh are Erech and Larsa, great cities which flourished in the days of Abraham. Babylon, where the Germans have conducted excavations for fifteen years, has been but partly explored. Near by are the ruins of Cutha and Sippar from which the Samaritans were taken. Farther north, in Assyria, in the buried cities along the Tigris, Assur, Nimrud and Nineveh, there still remain priceless treasures and inscriptions. Still farther north in the Armenian region are numerous mounds still unexplored. Now the war is over, and the end of Turkish rule in the "Eden Land" is assured, the explorer and the excavator will be as welcome as he is in Egypt. Already several expeditions to the valley are in formation. The buried cities will then give up their secrets. It is likely that in Bagdad will be established a great archæological museum which in time will attract scholars from all the world.

So the "Eden Land," where civilization had its birth, where it has died and been reborn over and over again, the land, now a garden, now a desert, is

about to enter upon a new period of its long history. No man can say what its future will be, but this is certain. The "Eden Land" will no longer be inaccessible to the rest of the world. Railroads and steamships will bring it civilization. Its swamps will be drained, its deserts irrigated, all its waste places made fertile. New life will come to its remotest corners, and again it will send out great rivers of grains and fruits to feed the world.

IV

THE KEY TO THE WORLD WAR

By Lieut. Col. J. S. Wardlaw-Milne
of the British Mesopotamian Campaign



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Ancient Tiberias, on the Sea of Galilee, Occupied by Gen. Allenby's Forces.



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Damascus, Captured with its Garrison of 7000 Men.

THE KEY TO THE WAR

By Lieut. Col. J. S. Wardlaw-Milne

THE thoughts, the energies and the anxieties of the American people in connection with the war have been, as is natural, almost entirely centered upon the battles of the Western Front. Yet there is time, without slackening in any way in the active prosecution of our work in connection with the war, to stop and consider for a moment what the war is all about; and if we do make this temporary pause and study intelligently the history of the causes which led to the gigantic struggle, aided by a careful consideration of the changing phases of European politics in the last thirty years, we shall find that it is not upon the West so much as upon the East that our attention must be focussed, if we are to understand and appreciate the real causes of the war.

It is well known that there is considerable divergence of opinion in the minds of various military experts who write regarding the war, as to where and in which direction the decisive blow to Germany could best be given. In the same way various writers have put forward different theories as to the causes which led to the great conflagration, but I know of no writer who has not at least placed in the forefront of the causes the German dream of world-

empire and particularly her hope of dominion in the East.

Slowly and surely were the plans laid. Others have told fully of the religious difficulties and dissensions spread throughout the Kingdom of Bulgaria, while the plans for acquisition of territory and increasing influence in the lands bordering on the North Sea are too well known to need repetition. Years were required, however, before the schemes in the East came to maturity. The Turks' old friendship for Great Britain had to be alienated and British influence at Constantinople had to be replaced by German. But slowly and gradually the process went on, while by continual speeches upon the blessings of peace, the German Emperor and the German Government threw dust in the eyes of the politicians of Europe, and lulled Great Britain particularly into a stupid sense of security.

I desire to draw the reader's attention to that great area of land lying between European Turkey on the one hand and the Persian Gulf on the other, an area which we generally describe as the "Near East," and which includes not only Palestine and Syria, but all of Asia Minor, Armenia, Kurdistan and Mesopotamia. Now, let us see what Germany's interests and ambitions in this part of the world were in the years previous to the present outbreak.

Probably thirty years ago there were few if any Germans in Asia Minor at all, and although their enterprises there had previously made a start, fostered and encouraged by the German Government, it was not really until 1896 that German influence made its great step forward. In that year,

when Germany declined to be a party to the otherwise unanimous attempt on the part of the Powers of Europe to put a stop to the Armenian massacres, she took her stand upon reasons quite other than those which really weighed with her at the time. The real reason for her refusal to bring pressure upon the "Sick man of Europe" was that she saw an opportunity, by preserving Sultan Abdul Hamid, of earning his friendship, of laying the first foundations of Germany's influence with and protection of Turkey, and of realizing the first portion of the Kaiser's dream of conquest in the East and of world-wide dominion.

The original Berlin-Baghdad Railway scheme, which owed its inception to the activities and enterprise of German merchants, was before long diverted to purely political purposes, while every possible course of German influence and aggression was used to the utmost in the Turk's Asian possessions. Long and careful were the preparations made. German colonies sprung up at various places in Palestine and Syria, particularly at Jaffa and Jerusalem. The Kaiser made his famous journey to Palestine and eventually his preposterous declaration at the Tomb of Saladin, where he declared himself the "Protector of Islam." To such an extent did this process of pushing German influence continue that a well-known resident of Syria, writing just previous to the war, declared it to be "impossible to express the extent to which the whole country has recently come under German dominion." That well-known authority, Canon Parfit, writing of the events leading up to the war, mentions that

a large force of German railway engineers was engaged a few weeks before the outbreak in pressing on railway construction at the rate of a mile a day! He also refers to the extent of German influence in Jerusalem; for example: by mention of three prominent German edifices erected in that city—firstly, the German church on the top of Mount Zion, built on a solid concrete foundation—secondly, the well-known hospital at the Damascus Gate, built like a fortress, and lastly, that charitable institution on the top of the Mount of Olives, a German sanatorium, having erected upon it a strange object for a charitable building, nothing else than one of the largest wireless installations in the world!

It is probably little understood in this country how many and varied are the schemes comprised in the expression, the Berlin to Baghdad Railway Concessions. Not only were the actual financial concessions wrung from Abdul Hamid's Government, as the blood-money in payment for which he would be permitted to continue his orgy of lust and murder—such as would undoubtedly bring the whole of Turkey under German dominion and make Constantinople practically a German city—but the forest, mining and other rights connected with the scheme would insure the Asiatic possessions of Turkey coming directly under German influence and control. The pressing on of the building of the railway to a great German naval port at Koweit, was to give Germany a direct outlet to the Persian Gulf and the shores of India. Afghanistan was to be bribed and with the occupation of Persia and the advance through Afghanistan, and by sea from

Koweit, it would not be hard, the Germans thought, to destroy once and for all British dominion in India. This scheme was to be aided, if not entirely accomplished, by means of a "Jehad" or Holy War, launched (as it afterwards was) from Constantinople, at which the "faithful" in all countries were to rise and to push the "infidel"—excluding only the German allies of Turkey—into the sea. The extension of the railways of Palestine made progress possible towards the Suez Canal and Egypt. The linking up of the German possessions in East and West Africa was to cut the line of the Cape-to-Cairo Railroad, disposing forever of that "far-fetched British scheme," leaving the German free to strike north and south at his future convenience, until finally Africa became his own. The economic control of Russia was no mere dream, as we have seen in later days; and thus, with a great capital at Baghdad, a vast Eastern Empire was to be established and German power to rule without let or hindrance from Hamburg to Singapore.

It is difficult now to go into the causes leading to the first little block in the path of German political progress in the East, namely the rise of the Young Turkish Party—but with Enver Pasha under the thumb of Berlin, the path of progress was only temporarily checked. The Balkan War was a more troublesome matter, inasmuch as it meant the rise of Bosnia and Serbia. The former was easily disposed of, leaving only one small country standing as a barrier across the German path to the East. With the final deepening of the Kiel Canal and the completion of other preparations

long planned, and with the apparent immediate prospect of civil war in England, it appeared to Germany that the day had arrived and the hour had struck. Difficult as it was to find an excuse to quarrel with Serbia, chance or good management did put an opportunity in the way. It is unnecessary to detail the measures taken by Germany to prevent any peaceful settlement of the trouble between that unhappy little country and Austria. The opportunity was too good to be lost. Serbia must be removed and the path to the East opened for German "Kultur."

In these days, when a policy of land-grabbing on the part of European Powers and particularly on the part of Great Britain, is still occasionally referred to, it is perhaps well to consider the history of the British influence in the Persian Gulf. Unlike the case of Germany, the British position in the Gulf generally has been laid down clearly and publicly by British statesmen on various occasions. The following words defining the British standpoint are from a speech delivered by Viscount Morley (Acting Secretary of State for India) in the House of Lords on the 22d of March, 1911:

"If by any chance in negotiation our position in the Gulf is challenged, this is the answer—Great Britain has not sought territorial acquisition in these regions. She has for generations borne burdens there which no other nation has ever undertaken. She has had duty thrust on her without dominion. . . . She has kept the peace among people who are not her subjects. . . . She has kept in strange ports an open door through which traders of every nation may have as free access to distant markets as her own. If Great Britain has become in any sense arbiter and guardian of the Gulf, it has been in obedience to calls that have been made upon her in the past to enforce peace and to hold back the arm of the marauder."

Now, in pursuance of this policy of keeping the peace, of policing the Gulf, of buoying, charting and opening the seas to navigation, it has become necessary from time to time to restrain the various and antagonistic tribes which occupy portions of territory from interfering and making war upon each other. To do this successfully, various treaties and agreements have been made with independent chiefs and rulers, great or small. Amongst others, the Sheikh of Koweit is under definite agreement with the British Government with the object, amongst other matters, of preventing his acquiring further territory or disposing to others that which he himself holds. When it is realized that in large parts of the areas lying on the shores of the Persian Gulf the claim to dominion on the part of local rulers is often of a rather shadowy character, it will be easily realized how necessary agreements of this nature are.

Now, Busrah, the natural port of Mesopotamia, is not suitable as a terminus for the Berlin-Baghdad Railway—at any rate from the point of view of the German authorities—owing to a sand bar at the mouth of the Shatt-al-Arab (the name given to the confluence of the two great rivers, the Tigris and Euphrates); but the natural harbor of Koweit below the bar is eminently suitable for the purposes. Consequently, Turkey, at the instigation of Germany, demanded that the territory in Koweit should be handed over for the purposes of the railway. The Sheikh, true to his obligations, replied that he was unable to do this; but from the time this first demand was made until the outbreak of

war, Germany, by means of Turkey, never ceased to press for a concession from the Sheikh of Koweit, and to embroil the Turkish Government with the British authorities. In this way the relations between the Turkish and British Government became in the ten years previous to 1914 more and more strained. Eventually Great Britain gave way, and it is strange now to look back to the fact that upon the outbreak of war, England was upon the point of signing an agreement which virtually gave Germany all she asked for, including control of the Baghdad railway right down to the Persian Gulf.

The old good feeling existing between Great Britain and Turkey having gradually changed, it was evident that when war with Germany was declared Turkey might be brought into it. It has perhaps been truly said that the statesmen of England were strangely apathetic and blind to what Germany contemplated; but they knew enough to be aware of the fact that Germany had deep designs in the East and had succeeded to some extent in bending Turkey to her will.

By the 31st of October, 1914, when it was seen that war with Turkey was inevitable, the British had a small force lying on transports in the Persian Gulf off the island of Bahrein. This force had been sent to prevent any possible attack upon the oil pipe line which, through Persian territory, brings oil from the fields to the refineries on the Shatt-al-'Arab. This oil pipe line was naturally in neutral territory and should therefore have been safe from attack; but it was a British enterprise, and it was believed that in the event of trouble with Turkey,

the first thing Turkish troops would do would be to attack this pipe line, and this is exactly what they did. With war declared, the British force was eventually landed at Fao, at the mouth of the Shatt-al-'Arab and right at the head of the Gulf, and after the battle of Zain, at which the Turks lost six thousand men, the town of Busrah was occupied.

Busrah, the home of Sinbad the sailor, is the natural port of Mesopotamia, and just outside the town there is a flat stretch of some miles of arid desert land, now uncultivated, but once a beautiful garden. Its fertility has been ruined by the destruction of the banks which in the old days kept the Euphrates river within bounds. This great river, when it rises from the rains in the hills, often overflows its banks and may in a night fill up a marsh or create a new lake. Ten miles away from Busrah City there is a group of forts known as Shaiba, and the battle of Shaiba is really the engagement which secured the British control of the neighborhood of Busrah and drove the Turks to the north. A description of that battle gives an idea of the country. During the greater part of the year, the land is a flat, arid desert, with the dust over one's ankles when one walks; an inch or two of rain and one walks with what can best be described as a plum pudding attached to each boot; a little more rain, or a rise in the river, and the whole place becomes a lake. When the British advance troops were on the ridge at Shiba, the river rose, overflowed its banks, and turned the ten miles between the ridge and Busrah City into a lake six

feet deep in mud and water. A few mules were forced through, but a great part of the battle was actually fought in small flat-bottomed boats.

After the victory at Shaiba, the Turks mustered in force at Qurnah, 40 miles above Busrah, on the Tigris River. Owing to a number of sandbanks, the Euphrates, although the larger of the two great rivers of Mesopotamia, cannot be used to the same extent as the Tigris for navigation; but river vessels drawing up to 4 feet can proceed up the latter river even considerably above Baghdad.

It is well to remember that Mesopotamia is not only a flat desert with, at certain times of the year, probably the worst climate in the world, but is also a country without wood or stone, with the single exception of a few palm trees too valuable to be cut down for any purpose. The expeditionary force therefore sent to Mesopotamia had to contend with many difficulties quite unknown in the other battlefields of this great war. Although most people in this country are aware of the wonderful work which has been done by British troops on the western front, it is probable that few of them know much of the terrible privations and hardships experienced in these far Eastern operations. In the first place, the force was sent from India, and India had already been "bled white" to supply men and munitions for France and East Africa. It is true that of the more than eight million men, which the British Empire had raised for this war, no less than seventy per cent were raised within the confines of England (not Great Britain), and this is a marvelous record! Of all the British casualties (about

2,000,000 men) England has borne seventy-six per cent and Scotland ten per cent. Yet the colonies and India have also done wonders. In the first few weeks of the war, India's contribution was naturally of the greatest value of all; that was the fateful moment, and in these first few weeks India sent no less than 280,000 men out of the country, leaving a purely nominal garrison of about 15,000 white men to control a country of about 320,000,000 people. How nobly India responded to the trust reposed in her is now a matter of history. From prince to peasant, every section of the community has leaped to answer the call to service and sacrifice, and from first to last India raised nearly 2,000,000 men.

The very necessities of the Western front, however, in the early days of the war, made it impossible for India to adequately supply and equip a force to fight the Turk; the men, therefore, who took Busrah were ill-equipped with practically every item necessary for the success of the operations and the welfare of an army. They were fighting in a country that they knew little or nothing of, and under conditions which are perhaps unequaled even by the horrors and hardships of the early days in France. Probably it is safe to say that an advance beyond Busrah was little contemplated in the original plans. There was no other course possible, however, with the Turks mustering on the Tigris, and an advance was made by the British force along the river, resulting in the capture of Qurnah and subsequently the taking of Amara, ninety miles to the north, on the 2d of June, 1915. Just think

what this simple statement means: Qurnah, the traditional site of the Garden of Eden (although only really one of the five popular sites in Mesopotamia), has the distinction of having probably the worst climate in the world. The heat is terrific and almost always damp; reaching the almost incredible temperature of 130° F. in the shade; in fact, such heat is probably unknown in any other part of the world. From April to October, life is almost unbearable and should really be lived underground. The beginning of June is probably about the worst time; yet it was just at the beginning of June that the British forces made a ninety-mile march in three days and captured Amara!

With the Turk continually trying to get round behind the Persian hills, a still further advance seemed inevitable, and ill-equipped and ill-supplied as they were, the force pushed on, took Kut-el-Amara, and then advanced to the ruins of Ctesiphon, only twenty-five miles below Baghdad. It is easy now to say that the advance was dangerous, that the force was deficient in everything necessary to insure success, and working far from its base; but it would be a bold man who would criticise so long afterwards the strategy and operations of those days. If Baghdad could be taken, not only would a famous city fall to the Allies, but also the control of the neighboring sites sacred to a large number of the Mohammedans of the world, while with the same blow, the goodwill and allegiance of a large number of the Arab tribes surrounding the operations in Mesopotamia would be secured. It is sufficient now to record that the advance was unsuc-

cessful; the movements of our troops were much impeded by floods in the river, the Turks were reinforced from Baghdad and at the battle of Ctesiphon, the British forces were thrust back to Kut-el-Amara, where General Townshend was surrounded.

The next phase of the British operations falls naturally into two parts—firstly, the heroic and marvelous defense of Kut by General Townshend and his handful of heroes and, secondly, the desperate, but continually unsuccessful attempts made from the south to relieve them. From the 7th of December, 1915, until the 29th of the following April, that small but heroic band kept the Union Jack flying at Kut. Under daily shell fire from the Turks; living in a mud-hutted village of about five thousand people in a bend of the river; without sanitation, hospital equipment, stores or supplies of any kind in proper quantity; with rations gradually dwindling to a few ounces of meal and a little horseflesh per head per day, the sufferings of the defending force can be little appreciated by residents in other parts of the world. As regards the main body further down the river, the absence of all equipment really necessary for operations on such a scale made it impossible that their hopes of relieving the beleaguered force could be realized, and in spite of all their sacrifices, it was found impossible to reach the garrison of Kut in time to save them. Eventually General Townshend surrendered, his last communication to his troops reading:

"Whatever may happen, my comrades, you have

done your duty. The whole world knows that you have done your duty."

The fall of Kut-el-Amara marks the end of what may be called the first campaign in Mesopotamia, and we may describe the second campaign as opening with the appointment of General Sir Stanley Maude to command the force, and the beginning of his drive to the north in December, 1916. But what a change had taken place in the intervening months! Wonderful efforts had been made to supply essentials, to equip the army, and to fit it with what was necessary to wipe out forever this even temporary disaster to British arms. The Turks were so securely entrenched on the Tigris that they believed their positions to be impregnable. It must be left to military historians to describe in detail how General Maude was able to circumvent these positions. Here it is only possible to say that by a masterly stroke he defeated the Turks at Sheikh-Sa-'rd, and fighting continual trench warfare, foot by foot, with a temperature changing as much as 60° between midday and midnight, he re-took Kut, passed on to Ctesiphon and on the 11th of March, 1917, drove the Turk from Baghdad, thus delivering probably the greatest blow which the Allies had yet delivered to the Kaiser and his government since the war started, for the taking of Baghdad meant the erection of a barrier once and forever right across the German path to the East, and the destruction of the German dream of world-wide dominion.

Today, the British forces have advanced much beyond Baghdad, and the city itself lies far back

from the fighting line. Peace reigns again, and this wonderful and historical city has resumed its quiet course of trade and commerce. Baghdad, once a city of nearly two million people, has gradually dwindled in importance under Turkish control to a place of about one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, of whom probably fifty thousand are Jews. Every section of the community, excepting a few thieving Kurds, welcomed the British forces; but probably no section were more delighted at the advance than the Jewish residents who, after nearly six hundred years of persecution, are still the largest property owners in Baghdad. Many a Turkish aeroplane has passed over the city; hundreds of thousands of troops have passed through it, and its population is augmented to-day by the forces connected with the war.

The Turks, at German instigation, drove a new street right across the city before the British forces arrived, without considering, I fear, in any way the rights or feelings of the owners or tenants of the property which stood in the way. This modern street, however, has enormously helped Baghdad. The old bazaars are full of life, and trading goes on under the old conditions, the close-packed crowd thronging the markets, almost always covered with a thin blue haze of cigarette smoke. But in the main street there is a different traffic. From early morning till late at night, the road is full of all the men and material of war, ammunition carts, transport wagons, British and Indian soldiers, officers on horseback and walking, and occasionally even the passage of the Army Commander

himself. On the famous "bridge of boats" all kinds of traffic and all nationalities are to be seen: stout and comfortable merchants, Persians, Jews, Arabs of the desert and the town, Kurds, Armenians, Syrians, Greeks, negroes, and last but not by any means least, large numbers of British and Indian troops and followers. Yet, in spite of all this activity, we may still turn a corner into the old world of Baghdad; still see the Arab woman moving silently along under the shadow of some great wall with her face covered from the gaze of a stranger, and a water jug poised on her shoulder as in the days long past. As a soldier poet sings:

"Still in Baghdad's Gardens,
  Soft coos the mating dove;
The almond blossoms whisper low
  Old fragrant tales of love;
Still to the tomb of Omar
  The Arab glides to pray,
Or brood o'er Islam's mighty past,
  And the Caliph's vanished sway."

Mesopotamia, the "cradle of the world," the most wonderful land in history, the country in which history began and the human race first saw light, the land in which eight empires have risen and fallen, had become under Turkish rule a desert and a byword among the nations. Yet this arid plain was once the most fertile of all countries; on it was raised the corn and oil which supplied the world. Baghdad was the center of an empire stretching from Spain to China, and its residents comprised the greatest princes, preachers, scientists, and merchants of the world. This Arab empire, however,



Photo by Prof. G. L. Robinson.

ZICHON YAKOL. A MODEL JEWISH AGRICULTURAL COLONY.



Photo by Prof. G. L. Robinson.

PRUNING A LEMON TREE.

followed the numerous civilizations which had gone before; Hittite, Assyrian, Babylonian, Greek, Persian, and Parthian, and from these empires the civilization of to-day, upon which the west so prides itself, emanated.

A flat arid desert. Yet probably the most fertile country in the world! Under the Turk, regarding whose reign there is not one item of progress to record, the vast irrigation system of the past has been utterly destroyed. It has been useless for the Arab to work, for to gain possessions under Turkish misrule meant merely to excite the envy and cupidity of an alien master. It is useless appealing to the law when the judgment goes to the highest bidder. No wonder that after nearly seven hundred years of such conditions, the Arab has become a wanderer and a thief.

The British have only been eighteen months in Baghdad, yet what changes have already taken place all over the country! At Busrah, a port always, there are now miles of wharves, hospitals, roads, water-ways, docks, and public works of all description; at Baghdad, streets, sanitation, telegraphs and telephones, with similar progress all along the 500 miles of river intervening. Peace and prosperity reign in the land; the old irrigation works are being gradually taken in hand, the rivers, which with restraint and care, mean wealth and prosperity, but which, misused and left to the ignorant and corrupt, mean danger and death, are again working for the benefit of man and adding daily to the fertility and wealth of the country. The word of the Englishman is known throughout

the land, and the Arab swears by him; even above an oath on the Koran itself. Justice is equal for all, murder and thieving are punished, and labor is honestly paid for. Already, over eleven hundred square miles of country are under cultivation, saving no less than two million tons of badly needed shipping every year to the Allies. The Arab sees all this and takes hold; he is not slow in learning; he has got rid of his hated alien master; he is free again, and is grateful for his freedom.

Now, what is the responsibility of America in connection with all this? It is true that British influence has long been recognized as predominant in this part of the world; it is true that to British arms and to British arms alone falls the disgrace of the surrender at Kut, and to British arms must be ascribed the glory of the subsequent retrievement, and the blow struck to German dominion by the capture of Baghdad; but there is no part of this war, in which all the Allied powers are not concerned, or in the direction of which they are uninterested. We may take pride in the fact that the Allies are united in their aims and strive to appreciate and understand each other's position and responsibilities.

The American people have two important duties in connection with the wonderful campaign in Mesopotamia and in regard to the settlement of this famous land; firstly, it is their duty to see that the sacrifices which their Allies have made have not been made in vain. More than one German writer has made it clear that Germany would give up much in Europe to retain her path to the East.

This must never be. Now that peace has come, keep your eyes fixed on Mesopotamia and insure once and for all that the German dream of dominion is at an end. Secondly, the security and peace of the world are bound up with the problem of the settlement of the nations of Asia Minor. Away beyond the lands which have been occupied by the British under the operations of the Palestine and Mesopotamia campaigns, there is an area still under the control of Turkey which cries out for deliverance. The Armenian massacres have been the scandal of the civilized world for thirty years; Syria, Armenia, and other portions of the Turk's pre-war possessions in Asia, must be free forever. The "Sick man" of Europe must be cured once and for all, and in the process of the cure, shorn of all his power to infect and harm others.

V

THE JEWISH AGRICULTURAL COMMUNITIES OF PALESTINE

The Development of Edom and Mt. Seir

By George L. Robinson, Ph.D.
McCormick Theological Seminary

THE JEWISH AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES OF PALESTINE

By Geo. L. Robinson, Ph.D.

DURING the year 1913-14, the writer visited twenty-two of the thirty-four Jewish Colonies which have sprung up in Palestine since 1878. At that time they were centers of great activity, industrial, commercial and educational.

Many of the choicest parts of Palestine have been selected, in which to plant these colonies. The most important are located along the coast of the Mediterranean in the Plain of Sharon, but others are to be found in the Shephelah or foothills of Judea, in the mountains, and far north about the Sea of Galilee, and the Bitter Lakes. Prior to their establishment the great centers of Jewish life in the Holy Land were in Hebron, which claimed 2000, Jerusalem which had about 60,000, Tiberias with 7000, and Safed having 20,000. These still remain the four most populous and important Jewish settlements in the country. To what extent they and the newer colonies have suffered because of the war is not known, but from recent reports received, it is creditably certain that while in some cases they have been emptied of their inhabitants, their houses and public buildings, gardens and farms, vineyards and orchards have for the most part been left undisturbed.

Zichron Yakob

Probably the most celebrated of all is that called Zichron Yakob, or "Memory of Jacob," as the name implies. It is also known as Zammarin. It is located five miles southeast of Dor, in the northern portion of the Plain of Sharon, under Mount Carmel, and enjoys an elevation of some 200 feet above the sea. Before the war, there were in the Colony one hundred and fifty families (the Hebrews count by families rather than by individuals), mostly from Roumania. The Colony was founded in 1882 by Baron Edmund de Rothschild of Paris. Most of the colonists speak German. They own 2400 acres of rich land, devoted principally to the cultivation of grapes, which in turn are converted into wine and exported as "Carmel Wine."

It is here that the recent wild wheat experiments of a German-Hebrew, named Aaronsohn, were conducted. Herr Aaronsohn, having re-discovered in Galilee and Gilead at different places wild wheat (the same as that originally discovered fifty years before by Theodor Kotschy on the western slopes of Mt. Hermon), experimented with it in the new laboratories of the Agricultural Experiment Station at Zichron Yakob, and by repeated cross-breeding of this wild type with the best domesticated varieties, finally succeeded in producing an offspring which possesses all the desirable characteristics of the wild variety, coupled with the good qualities of the domesticated; and which, better than any other variety, withstands on the one hand the hot sirocco winds of the desert which sweep over Palestine from

Arabia, and, on the other, the rust of the Rhine Valley in Germany; for his work has been tested and confirmed by the leading European and American agronomists.

He has also demonstrated on his two experimental farms at Athlit and Khadeyah, in Sharon, that the soil of Palestine is by no means exhausted, and that it only requires proper tilling to produce crops in greatly increased abundance. Already before the war he had multiplied the ordinary yield of certain areas six-fold. Besides, he had drained certain swampy low lands in order to get rid of the mosquitos and malaria which are incident to the district; discovered how to spread vines over the blowing sands of the seashore to prevent their constant encroachment upon the cultivated soil of the adjacent plain; experimented with silk worms and found a late hatching variety; improved certain olive trees which he permitted to bear only once in two years; discovered the best kind of eucalyptus and acacia; and, in short, converted a considerable section of the Plain of Sharon, which under the Turk had become a comparatively unproductive desert, into a veritable oasis; demonstrating to the world that if primitive methods of agriculture so successfully developed the wheat yield of Palestine, what with modern scientific cultivation may not be expected in the future! Surely the faith of the Psalmist who prayed that when the Messiah should come there might be "abundance of grain on the earth, even upon the top of the mountains" (Ps. 72:16) gives promise of being actually fulfilled.

Rishon le-Zion

The second most important colony of the Jews in Palestine is known as Rishon le-Zion, or "The First Colony to Zion" (Arabic, *Ayun Kara*). It is one of the oldest of all the colonies in Palestine. It was founded in 1882, and owes its origin to the persecutions of the Jews by the Russians. Baron Rothschild has spent millions of francs in organizing and maintaining it. It lies some seven miles south-east of Joppa and about five and one-half miles west of Lydda; having 3180 acres of good arable land and a population of approximately 1200. Sharon here has been transformed into "a fruitful fill" with gardens of almonds, oranges, and other fruit trees, especially vines. It is the greatest center of the wine industry in Palestine. This colony alone has 3,000,000 grape vines. The fruit is converted into wine and exported as "Carmel Wine." The wine cellars, originally built by Baron Rothschild at a cost of 30 million francs, and having a capacity of 1,650,000 gallons, are said to be with two exceptions, Bordeaux and San Francisco, the most extensive wine cellars in the world. Some 5,000,000 liters are exported annually.

In 1913 there were 200 families in this colony, of whom 98 actually possessed land. They came for the most part from Russia. A fine Synagogue graces the colony, being situated at the head of their principal thoroughfare, on the summit of the village hill. Near the Synagogue stand a school, a hotel, and a Jewish post office. As Colonists they are allowed to choose their own Mayor, and make

their own laws. Every night at nine o'clock a great bell, mounted on a high post near the Synagogue, is rung to drive to their tents any visiting Arabs, who by remaining through the night might disturb the peace or plunder the possessions of the Colony.

Tell Abib

The most beautiful and in some respects the most attractive of all the colonies prior to the war was that in the northern edge of the city of Joppa, known as Tell Abib, the name meaning "Hill of ears of grain." Centuries ago (ca. 580 B.C.) there was one of the same name in Babylonia on the banks of the River Chebar, where dwelt a colony of exiled Jews, cf. Ezek. 3:15. The modern Tell Abib at Joppa was founded in 1909, and at the outbreak of the war boasted of one hundred and eighty families of the better class of Russians (about 1600 individuals). Not long after the great struggle began, however, the Colony became quite emptied of its inhabitants. The houses are neat and well built; the streets are broad and well paved, with sidewalks; the gardens and parks being especially attractive. The Gymnasium, or High School, is the outstanding feature of the Colony. It was built in 1911-12 at a cost of $15,000, the gift of the well known Zionist Herr Mauser of Bradford. The Zionists were accustomed to contribute four thousand francs annually toward its maintenance. The Gymnasium was rapidly becoming celebrated as the best High School in the Holy Land. It was co-educational, though in it there were fewer girls than boys. As

many as 700 pupils were in attendance; some of their graduates entering Columbia University, New York, with advance credits. Twenty-nine men and women constituted the staff of instruction. Hebrew was the medium of instruction. Two dominating principles gave character to the institution: one, that Hebrew should be the only language spoken in the School; the other, that there should be entire freedom in religious belief. Among the disciplines taught were the Old Testament, the Talmud, Hebrew Language and Literature, Arabic, Turkish, French, German, History, Mathematics, Geography, Science, Music, and Physical Exercise. A certain class in Music which the writer visited were being taught to sing beautiful Maccabean melodies. In the Gymnasium, the physical director, who was drilling the class in gymnastics, gave all his orders in the Sacred Tongue! The motto of the institution was, "Mens sana in corpore sano."

Petah Tikweh

About seven miles northeast of Joppa there is another important colony, which, indeed, is said to be the largest of all the Jewish colonies in Palestine. It is called Petah Tikweh, or the "Door of Hope." It is situated on both sides of the River Aujeh, near a modern village called Mulabbes. The colony was founded in 1878 by Baron Rothschild. There were four hundred families in residence here five years ago. The entire area, 800 acres, is divided up into some 20 gardens which are irrigated from the river. Great waterworks have been constructed for this

purpose. In the gardens grow thousands and tens of thousands of thrifty orange trees. It was said, five years ago, to be the most important orange-growing center in the whole of Sharon. The northern half of the colony alone, known as Bukariyeh, in 1913, had as many as 60,000 orange trees, averaging a crop worth annually sixty cents per tree. Besides oranges, lemons, almonds, and grapes, grow in abundance; also cereals. Dairy farming is likewise a prosperous industry. The most modern implements of agriculture, such as wheeled plows and cultivators, are used. Arab laborers are employed, occasionally negroes. A million francs per annum are paid as wages to these. Numerous schools have been established, including an Elementary Agricultural School. A large Synagogue stands, as in every important Colony, in the center of the settlement.

Mikweh Yisrael

Two miles southeast of Joppa there is another important colony, known as Mikweh Yisrael, or, the "Congregation of Israel." It was founded by the Alliance Israelite Universelle of Paris, and soon developed into a thriving school of agriculture with 150 pupils. The colonists all speak French. In 1913, there were 14 families in the colony, who, together, possessed 723 *feddans*, or about 625 acres, of land. Cattle breeding is one of the colonists' specialties. Through scientific inbreeding they have greatly improved the quality of their animals. Among the fruit trees cultivated are

oranges and mulberries; but besides these, numerous varieties of trees, flowers, and vegetables are grown. Here are the headquarters of the Palestinian Society of Agriculture. Extensive hot-houses have been constructed. The bamboos shown us in the gardens were said to be the only ones growing in all Palestine. Five regular instructors assisted at that time in the work of the colony. A Synagogue and a library crown the knoll on which the colony stands. The view from these over the Plain of Sharon is extensive.

Other Jewish Colonies

(1) *Along the Mediterranean Coast.*

1. Ruhamah (Arabic, *Djemama*), situated about 11 miles east of Gaza. Founded in 1911 by a Society of Russian Jews from Moscow. 1270 acres. Staple culture, wheat.

2. Kastinieh (Arabic, *el-Kustineh*), situated about 17 miles north of Ruhamah. Founded in 1895 by Russian Jews, 1600 acres. Population 180. Staple culture, wheat, sesame, barley, beans, and almond plantations.

3. Gederah (Arabic, *Katrah*), six miles north of Kastinieh. Founded in 1884 by a group of Russian students, 1360 acres. Population 150. Staple products, almonds, also grapes and olives, and some wheat.

4. Huldah (Arabic, *Khuldeh*), seven miles east of Katrah, two miles north of the railway station Sedjed, at an altitude of 215 feet. Founded in 1909 by the Jewish National Fund which has created these great olive groves in memory of Theodore

Herzl, the creator and the first leader of the Zionist organization. 455 acres. Population, 40. These colonists possess the only artesian well in Palestine.

5. Ekron (Arabic, *Akir*), the ancient Ekron, situated four miles north-east of Katrah on the road to Ramleh and Lydda, at an altitude of 200 feet. Founded in 1884 by Baron Rothschild, with Russian and Roumanian Jewish settlers, 3570 acres, for the most part arable. Population 320. Staple products, wheat, almonds, and dairy farming.

6. Rechoboth (Arabic, *Dar'an*), situated two and a half miles north of Ekron and four miles south-west of Ramleh. Founded in 1890 by a group of Polish and Lithuanian Jews. 3250 acres. Population 900, inclusive of 270 Arabian Jews who have returned to Palestine from the Yemen. A very prosperous colony, producing almonds, oranges, wines and figs, also wheat, oats, melons, bananas, vegetables.

7. Bir Yacob, "Well of Jacob." Two miles north-east of Rechoboth and two miles west of Ramleh. Founded in 1907 as a working-men's settlement, inhabited partly by Circassians, from the Caucasus. 500 acres. Population, 70. Orange and almond plantations, and vegetables.

8. Wady el-Khanin, "Valley of Roses." Two miles north-west of Rechoboth and four miles west of Ramleh. Nearby is another small colony known as Nes Zion, or, "Flag of Zion." Both founded in 1882 by Jews from Russia, 760 acres. Population, 200. Orange trees 50,000, almond plantation, grapes and cereals.

9. Nahalath-Yehudah, on the northern outskirts

of Rishon le-Zion. A working-men's settlement, founded in 1913 by the Odessa Committee of the "Lovers of Zion."

10. Bem Shamen, about one mile north-east of Lydda. Estate of the Jewish National Fund. Founded in 1910. Population, 100. Large plantations of olive and other fruit trees; model dairy and poultry farm. Training farm for Jewish laborers.

11. Kefar Saba (Arabic, *Kafr Saba*). Fourteen miles north-east of Jaffa, on the road to Kaifa, and 19 miles west of Nablus. A working-men's settlement. Founded in 1904, 1750 acres. Almost exclusively almond plantations, also olive groves and eucalyptus trees.

12. Ain Ganim, on the north-eastern outskirts of Petah-Tikweh. A working-men's settlement. Founded in 1910. 700 acres. Population, 100.

(2) *In the Shephelah and Judah.*

1. Artuf. At the entrance of the *Wady Surar*, or, "Valley of Sorek," 20 miles east of Ashdod, 13 miles west of Jerusalem, and about one mile north-east of the station Deir Aban on the Jaffa-Jerusalem railway. Founded in 1896. 1200 acres, some portions being rough and rocky. Population 100, mostly Bulgarians. Cereals, and almond plantations.

2. Kefar Uriah. Located about halfway between Artuf and Huldah. Founded in 1913 by a group of Russian Zionists. 435 acres. Was being prepared for settlement by a group of 30 laborers when the war broke out.

3. Abu Shusheh. The site of the ancient Gezer. Located five miles south-east of Ramleh and three

The River Jordan.

miles north-east of Huldah. Founded in 1912. Not actually settled.

4. Mozah (Arabic, *Khurbet Beit Mizzah*), about four miles west of Jerusalem on the road to Jaffa. Founded in 1893. 250 acres, much of it rocky and hilly. Vineyards, olive plantations, vegetables, wheat. Only three houses and a small hotel, in 1914.

(3) *About the Sea of Galilee.*

1. El-Fuleh. Located about four miles north-west of Jezreel, and ten miles south of Nazareth, in the Plain of Esdraelon, near Shunem, at the junction of the Haifa-Damascus Railway as it branches toward Jenin and Samaria. 1800 *feddans* of land. Population, 75; about 15 tile-roofed houses. Wheat the chief staple.

2. Milhamiyeh. Located four miles south of the Sea of Galilee on the west side of the Jordan River. Founded in 1901. Population, 100; chiefly from Russia and Austria. Synagogue and school at the top of the main thoroughfare. 40 pupils; language, Hebrew. Chief staple, wheat. A McCormick reaper in use.

3. Bethania. Located midway between Milhamiyeh and the Sea of Galilee. Founded in 1912. Population, 50; few women. Mostly from Russia. Laborers who work the land housed in one big building.

4. Daganya. About one mile from Semekh, at the south end of the Sea of Galilee. About a score of tile-roofed houses. Chief staple, wheat.

5. El-Kinnereth. At the south-west corner of the Sea of Galilee, beautifully located, elevated and im-

posing. A broad stairway leads up from the sea to the principal buildings. The main street extends parallel with the sea shore. View most attractive. Oat crop gathered by the Russian Jewish peasants on a wagon with hay-rack—a rare sight in Palestine!

6. Porea. Directly west of El-Kinnereth, some five miles, up on the hills of Galilee. Inhabitants, Jews from the United States. Land fertile: the name Porea means "fertile."

7. Kefar Hattin. Six miles north-west of Tiberias. Near the Horns of Hattin where tradition says the Sermon on the Mount was delivered. Fourteen houses, about 75 inhabitants. Staple, cereals.

8. Magdala, in the southern portion of the Plain of Genneseret. Soil, exceedingly fertile. Irrigated. Wheel-plows in use. Cement manufactory. Population, 60. German spoken.

(4) *About Lake Huleh in North Galilee.*

1. Rosh Pinah, "Head of the Corner"—(Arabic, *Ja'uneh*). Located in a valley about five miles north-east of Safed. Yiddish spoken. About 100 souls. Founded in 1884. A Rothschild foundation. Fine Synagogue and School. Streets paved. One long avenue of trees, two miles in length. Staples, wheat and almonds.

2. Mahanaim. About four miles north-east of Rosh Pinah. On account of the character of the water, abandoned. Many houses and public buildings standing deserted.

3. Kawash. Called also Mishmar Hayyarden. Located about one mile west of the Bridge over the

Jordan, known to the Arabs as *Jisr Benat Yakob.* A very small colony. Few orchards.

4. Zubeid. Called also Essadamalah, 150 inhabitants. At the head of the main street, which runs down to the waters of Lake Merom, stand the Synagogue and School.

5. Metullah. Located seven miles north-west of *Tell el-Kadi,* the ancient Dan of Scripture. Population, 200 souls. Founded in 1896. The most important colony in North Galilee.

These are the colonies as they existed at the outbreak of the war. In general, they represented two principal classes of Jews: (1) those whose ancestors were expelled from Spain and Portugal under Ferdinand and Isabella towards the end of the fifteenth century; who, having resided long in Palestine, naturally speak Arabic, and wear Arab costume. (2) The majority, however, are modern immigrants, largely German, Polish, Russian, Hungarian, Roumanian and Dutch. Nearly all speak German, wear long locks of hair over their temples, dress in mantles of highly colored velvet, their headgear consisting of heavy fur caps.

The Zionist movement has greatly increased their number. Their financial support has come from both private benefactors such as Messrs. Montefiore, Rothschild and Hirsch, and societies such as the *Jewish Alliance* of Russia, the *Alliance Israelite Universelle* of Paris, and the *Jewish Colonization Association* established by Baron Hirsch who has given in all not less than $50,000,000 to them. Their aim is to redeem Palestine and make it their future home.

The late Captain Conder confidently believed such colonies would do much good. While they have successfully captured the choicest portions of all Palestine, and selected the most desirable location in all the world for their proposed university—the Mount of Olives; and, in some parts have become a real menace to the native Moslems, having captured the four best paying industries of the country—wine, oranges, almonds and olives—nevertheless, their aim is "not to seize the country by force but rather to conquer it by good will," as a Jew at Petah Tikweh remarked to the writer, and in due time, perhaps, to obtain political independence. This was Mr. Herzl's original programme. And why, he asked, should they not be granted their desire? They are turning their attention to agriculture, and are actually farming before the world's eyes; they purpose to become producers and no longer to serve the world as mere middlemen; they are transforming Palestine into a productive and flourishing garden, and are making a paradise of what was only recently an almost unproductive and barren territory. Palestine really belongs to them. As George Adam Smith is forced to allow, "the land can never remain under a single Gentile power." Why not, therefore, convert it into a sort of Asiatic Switzerland, and make of it a federated state, protected and defended against the ambitious and predatory nations of the world?

II

THE DEVELOPMENT OF EDOM

THE boundaries of the land of Edom are somewhat difficult to define. In the ancient times, it stretched from the brook Zered (Wady el-Ahsy), the Dead Sea, and Wady el-Fikreh on the north, to the Gulf of Akabah on the south, and from the Hajj, or Pilgrim, Route from Damascus to Mecca on the east, to the wilderness of Paran and the Wady el-'Arish on the west. Altogether the territory was not great and cannot have exceeded 13,000 square miles, being about 100 miles in extent from north to south and 125 miles from east to west.

Districts

It falls topographically into three well-marked divisions: (1) the Western; (2) the 'Arabah; and (3) Mt. Seir proper.

The Western

We begin with the western, a desert region now occupied by the 'Azarimeh Arabs. For the most part it is composed of low barren limestone ridges intersected by innumerable wadies, which run in various directions. The ground is covered in some

parts with loose flints; sand and gravel are common to many others. The chief mountains are known as Jebel Magrah, of which Jebel 'Araif is the most conspicuous peak. These are drained westwardly by the Wady el-'Arish, and eastwardly by Wadies Marreh, Fikreh and Ghamr. The southern portion is much more barren than the northern, though even the best portions are, as Palmer describes them, "an extremely ugly and uninteresting piece of country," with "dull featureless hills; wadies like huge ditches, the bottoms paved with smooth blocks of limestone, shrubs and pools of rainwater at long distances, a few Retem bushes and an occasional Seyal tree." The whole region is desolate in the extreme. The mountains are a mass of barren jutting rock; the plains are strewn with black flints: and even the bottoms of the valleys are sandy and for the most part absolutely destitute of all vegetation and animal life. Desolation and dreariness are here so terrible that this western section is quite as dull and uninteresting as can well be imagined. It was in this region that Israel wandered a good portion of the forty years spent by them in the wilderness.

The 'Arabah

The second division of Edom is known as the 'Arabah. It is a great deep cleft running from north to south through the very heart of the country. The northern end of it for some thirty miles is lower than the sea-level, which is a very remarkable feature—"the most remarkable," according to Humboldt, "on the face of the earth." It lays

open the whole geological structure of Mt. Seir. Hull regards the 'Arabah as the Bible's "Wilderness of Zin." Not until the beginning of the last century was the existence of this deep valley known to geographers. Neither Strabo, nor Pliny, nor Ptolemy, nor Josephus, nor any other geographer or historian makes the slightest allusion to it. Burckhardt of Basle in 1810 was the first to explore it. Count de Bertou, a few years later, boasts that he and his party were "the first Europeans who in modern times had traversed the whole extent of the wady from the Dead Sea to 'Akabah"; and he attempts to prove that the Jordan River never flowed into the Red Sea as was previously supposed. Burckhardt had advanced the idea that the 'Arabah had formerly been the bed of the Jordan. Hull, on the other hand, finds traces on its western side of an old littoral beach belonging to the period when the waters of the Salt Sea washed the base of the adjoining ridge, which proves that a portion at least of the 'Arabah was an old sea bottom.

The 'Arabah in general is a dreary sandy desert steppe, consisting of gravel and shingle and marl for the most part, but tufted over with broom and other brush, and here and there with a little pasturage. Seldom does one find any cultivation, but the valley is by no means destitute of verdure. It varies in breadth from one half a mile at the watershed to ten or even thirteen miles at its widest part, sloping slightly from east to west and drained both toward the Dead Sea and the Gulf of 'Akabah. Wady el-Jeib is the main artery of the 'Arabah. It is not only deep but broad, flows north and

empties into the Dead Sea. The saddle, or watershed, is about 45 miles north of the head of the Gulf of 'Akabah, or about west of Petra, and is 723 feet in altitude above sea-level. High mountains bound the valley on the east, and low ridges on the west. Numerous torrent streams debouch upon it, bringing with them boulders, stones, and gravel and sandy silt, which cover the plain in many cases for hundreds of yards. In some parts there is sand, blown and left "like the waves of the sea," as the writer recorded in his Journal when crossing in 1907 from Bozra to 'Ain Hasb. Hull also describes enormous mounds of pure white sand rising in dunes 30 to 50 feet high, "like the dunes along the sea shore." The shrubs in such places are few, but near water fountains or streams they have all the appearance of a jungle. Being so low in altitude it is correspondingly hot. Count de Bertou says of the 'Arabah: "In this striking and solemn waste where nature is alike destitute of vegetation and inhabitants, man appears but an atom; all around is enveloped in the silence of death, not a bird, not even an insect, is seen. The regular step of our camels returned a dull sound, as if the earth were hollowed beneath their feet; the monotonous chant of the camel driver accompanied at times the step of this inhabitant of the desert, but suddenly stopped as if he feared to awaken nature."

The 'Arabah has another special feature of more than ordinary interest, namely, the transverse escarpment of clay cliffs in its northern portion, about eight miles south of the south end of the Dead Sea. The late Dr. Edward Robinson identifies

them with the "Ascent of the 'Akrabbim" mentioned in Josh. 15:3. They are from 50 to 100 feet in height, and are composed of gravel and sand and chalk and marl which rest on lower beds of white clay. They sweep round in a semi-circular form constituting a great wall of white loam. Along the base of these cliffs fountains of brackish water ooze, causing to grow most luxuriantly canes and shrubs and trees of various tropical species, tamarisks and Nubk, and even palms. The chief fountain is called by the Arabs 'Ain el-'Arus, or "Fountain of the Bride." North of these cliffs are the Sebkha or "Slime Pits" of Genesis 14:10, a terrible and most treacherous morass. Irby and Mangles speak of it as a "rotten and marshy ground." The crest appears to be solid, but it often gives way under one's feet, and not infrequently a horse and his rider, or a beast of burden, sinks out of sight into the soapy, slimy mire. Cf. Ps. 107:34. The other and extreme southern end of the 'Arabah is of a somewhat different character, though equally barren. It is formed of beds of marine sand and gravel and contains shells, corals and other marine species. For fifteen miles northward from the Gulf of 'Akabah the whole surface is shingled over with silt deposits from the mountains, making this end of the valley like that in the north one of utter desolation.

Mount Seir

The eastern section of Edom is that known as Mt. Seir. It consists principally of a range of high mountains stretching for a distance of about

100 miles from Wady el-Ahsa to the Gulf of 'Akabah and the desert of Arabia lying to the east. The mountains are composed for the most part of limestone, resting upon porphyry granite and rising to an elevation of 4000 or even 5400 feet. Viewed from the west the range is most imposing. The whole table-land to the east maintains approximately the same elevation as the top of the mountains. This eastern section of Edom is divided into two districts: el-Jebel to the north, and esh-Shera' to the south, the boundary between them being, as Burckhardt pointed out, the deep broad canyon of Wady el-Ghuweir. The whole region is dominated by high black summits dropping westwardly and southwardly by a series of terraces. The region is almost wholly a rolling desert, little of it being actually under cultivation. The mountains of esh-Shera', beginning in the north with Jebel el-Hisheh, rise in the south to an elevation of 5412 feet, and then decline into Jebel el-Hafir and finally into the plain of Kedriyyat. Here the district finds its natural frontier and geographical limit; the limestone ends and the sandstone begins. At this point the mountains no longer run in ranges north and south, but east and west. Those around Petra are grand and majestic, but almost perfectly barren; beautiful in their coloring but desolate in their grandeur. Lord Lindsay describes them as "wild and gloomy and dreary"! South of Petra, the mountains divide into two ranges with a deep irregular gorge between them, the western range being cut through by a series of eight valleys which open out into the 'Arabah. The extreme southern portion of this

eastern district is a sandy tract, stretching far into Arabia. On the south it fades into the granite formations near the head of the Gulf of 'Akabah, and on the southeast into a swampy district called el-Jafar, whither all the waters of the district flow and die out.

The Roads in Edom

The Psalmist asks, "Who will bring me into the strong city, who will lead me into Edom?" No great route now leads or ever has led through this land. Yet Edom's situation between Arabia on the east and Syria and Egypt on the west, compelled her to be a highway of foreign trade. In Roman times, one very important highway ran north from 'Ailah or Elath on the Gulf of 'Akabah across Mt. Seir, a little to the east of Petra, passing through Bosta and Odruh, close by Shobek and Dhama and Bozrah, and across the Wady el-Ahsy to Kerak of Moab, and on to Damascus. Remnants of the ancient pavement and scattered mile-stones are still to be found at many points along the route. A Roman road in these parts was paved with black basalt blocks, the road sloping from the center down on each side to the borders, which were raised and distinct. Knolls were levelled, hollows were filled in, and even mountains were excavated in order to make the work of travel and transportation as easy as possible. Military stations along the route became the sites of towns. Petra, though not directly on any trade route, was the most important center of commerce in the entire country.

Running almost parallel to this great Roman

thoroughfare, there came to be in Mohammedan times the well known Hajj, or Pilgrim Road, which runs from Damascus, via Ma'an, to Mecca. It follows probably the old caravan route from Syria to the Red Sea, the possession of which caused frequent strife between Edom and her neighbors. It is not a carefully constructed highway, but rather a number of closely parallel paths hollowed out by camels' feet. The comparatively modern Hajaz railroad follows in general this route.

There was, also, no regular route through the 'Arabah running, as does the valley, north and south, as the heat there is too intense, and good drinking water is too scarce. The 'Arabah was rather a barrier than a thoroughfare to the trading nomad. The main route north from Elath to Beersheba, Gaza and Jerusalem, forsook the 'Arabah at a point opposite Petra, climbed the mountains to the west, bent about the 'Azazimeh plateau, crossed Wady Fikreh, ascended the Wady el-Yemen to Kurnub, and so ran on to Beersheba. When Judah's frontier extended as far south as Elath, Solomon's cargoes from Ophir (1 Kings 9:26-28), and the tribute of Arabian kings to Jehoshaphat (2 Chrons. 17:11), were quite probably carried over this route. And by this same caravan way the Israelites under Moses probably journeyed from Sinai to Kadeshbarnea, cf. Deut. 1:2.

The eastern and western districts of Edom were not connected by special roads, but by numerous wadies or passes. Most of them were exceedingly difficult for heavily loaded caravans to pass. That known as the Derb el-Ghuweir from 'Ain Hasb to

Shobek is difficult; that from 'Ain Hasb via 'Ain el-Weibeh and Nakb Namela to Wady Musa (Petra) is in part artificial, but also very difficult; while that direct from the 'Arabah to Petra is so steep as to be almost impassable for baggage animals. The most difficult way of all is the way from the Ghor es-Safiyeh up the Wady el-Ahsa to Tafileh. On the other hand, the most notable and easiest of all is that spoken of in Num. 20:19, as "the King's Highway"; which is best identified with the Nakb ed-Dahal running almost directly east and west between 'Ain Hasb and Bozrah. The writer found this in 1907 a surprisingly comfortable route.

Springs

The land of Edom is not altogether waterless, yet water streams are not numerous. In the larger wadies, especially in the eastern section, sometimes copious springs are found, their moisture infiltrating through the soil for long distances and producing considerable vegetation. Even small brooks are not unknown in Mt. Seir. Numerous fountains emerge from between the porous upper strata and the more impervious lower strata of limestone, and again at the union of the latter with the sandstone. But, in general, the geological formation causes a speedy disappearance of the surface waters, hence Edom is everywhere a very thirsty land, more so than even Palestine. On the limestone plateaus, however, where no springs appear, numerous cisterns preserve the winter's rainfall, as do dams and reservoirs in the valleys. Dews are everywhere abundant.

Soil Fertility

Few lands of Edom's size can boast of so wide a range of soils. For the Arabs do occasionally resort to agriculture, sowing a little grain in a roughly plowed field and leaving its irrigation to chance. Speaking of the territory east of the 'Arabah, Palmer says: "The country is extremely fertile; goodly streams flow through the valleys, which are filled with trees and flowers, while on the uplands to the east rich pasture lands and corn fields may everywhere be seen." A story in the Talmud describes the astonishment of two Rabbis, visiting the northern part of Edom, at the size of the grapes produced there. And, indeed, in the region between Wady el-Ahsy and Tafileh there are parts which are very fertile and correspondingly fruitful. The stretch between Shobek and Petra is especially rich in oaks. Wady Ghuweir is celebrated for its rich pastures; and the villages Ma'an, Elji, Shobek, Bozrah and Tafileh, for their well cultivated gardens and terraces. An Arab writer in the Middle Ages, Ibn Haukal, describes Edom also as fertile and productive. He says: "The mountains are exceptionally rich in products, e.g., oil, almonds, figs, pomegranates and vineyards." There is sometimes a slight surplusage of crops which is exported to Arabia, Egypt and Syria; especially, timber, charcoal, oil, cattle, copper, aromatic and medicinal herbs, and vegetable alkalis. Strabo speaks of Edom as "a country well-peopled and abounding in cattle." Doughty tells of "hollow park-like grounds with evergreen oak timber." Musil says, "we rode

by many strong Butum trees and along thick brush, and it seemed to me as though I was suddenly plunged into a European wood"; to which Sir Charles Wilson adds, "The general aspect of Edom's limestone plateau is not unlike that of the Sussex Downs or the Yorkshire Wolds. The plateau affords excellent pasture and, where cultivated, yields good crops of barley." That the Edomites took advantage of their resources is evident from Num. 20:17 in which it is related how Israel offered to reimburse them, if allowed to cross their territory, for any injury done to their crops, even for the water they should drink.

Trade

The most productive source of Edom's prosperity, however, in ancient times, was her trade. So long as she held Elath she possessed the key to the trade of the Red Sea, as well as the overland trade by caravan from Arabia in incense, spices and gum arabic. Petra was the greatest center of all the land for commerce and trade. It was secluded and well fortified by nature in the mountains. Diodorus Siculus tells us how the Athenians once found in Petra great quantities of frankincense and myrrh, and 500 talents of silver which were stored in the recesses of that famous rock city. Strabo also relates that the wares of India and Arabia were brought on camels from the East and South via Petra and sold in the markets of Gaza and Wady el-'Arish. Under the Romans trade was greatly stimulated because of the good roads, and because

the government furnished protection against the predatory and hostile hordes round about.

In view of all this, what may not be expected from the same land under the beneficent influence of a good government?



Refugees Awaiting Food Supplies at a Relief Depot in Jerusalem.

VI

SHALL PALESTINE BE HELD IN TRUST BY THE NATIONS?

An Interview with Dr. John H. Finley
Head of the American Red Cross Commission in Palestine

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DR. JOHN H. FINLEY, head of the American Red Cross Commission in Palestine, has made a very enlightening statement with respect to the program for the future of the Holy Land. In that statement, which was published in the New York *Evening Post*, Dr. Finley explains that while he would not presume to offer advice to the Peace Conference, his own desires as to Palestine are:

1. That Palestine, now redeemed and held in trust by western civilization, be not the possession of any single nation, race or creed, but be preserved by an international agreement and by international guarantees and administered by some one of the nations as a trustee, for civilization.

2. That Palestine, because of its relation to modern civilization, and having become in the course of the war one of the prizes for which the Allies fought, is too precious a conquest to leave to future risks.

In the Holy Land at present affairs are administered by a remarkable group of scholarly, conscientious, able men. General Allenby has picked for this work at the outset men of whom Christendom may

be proud, notably General Sir Arthur Neong and Colonel Iloris, Governor of Jerusalem. Dr. Finley tells how the British Commander, who is himself an earnest student of sacred history, spent a whole night with an American visitor, poring over the Bible and a standard historical work on the Holy Land, refreshing his mind as to the spots of greatest interest. That American visitor we take to be Dr. Finley himself.

While Palestine has suffered heavily from the war and centuries of Turkish misrule, still, Dr. Finley believes, it could be redeemed soon for agricultural and industrial purposes. He tells of an impressive meeting with the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, one of the most interesting religious personalities in the world today. This eminent Moslem dignitary, although almost a recluse, had still kept in touch with the world movement. This is what he said to Dr. Finley and his American Red Cross associates:

"No one can dispute the fact known to God and confirmed by your noble history, oh, citizens of America, that out of compassion and charity He created you, to do good to humanity, and has through you always accomplished good work, keeping you innocent of all evil doing.

"Joy and gladness to you and may God be praised who showers good as He desires. No one can wonder at this when you are the children of so generous a mother, the great nation, I mean Great Britain, with her glorious past and exalted glory.

"Your good works cannot be counted; and you should extend your arm from beyond the seas to grasp the hand of that mother, full of love and

compassion, for one reason only: to further the cause of the oppressed and to turn aside with blows the hand of the oppressor in this bloody and fearful war, the like of which has never been seen before, and, by God's will, may never be seen again, such glory and honor before God and man will suffice.

"To extend a helping hand to the children of Syria and Palestine in your native land, America, was not enough, but you have crossed the seas and desert and undergone the hardships of this present time to succor the poor and homeless widows and orphans of all Palestine, and more especially of the Holy City, the city of the prophets of God where we are all now united.

"On behalf of these in general, and of Moslems in particular, I burn incense on the altars of gratitude, and pray the great God to make you a good reward, defend you from every evil, make your benevolent undertakings successful and hasten the days of peace which we all await impatiently."

The case of Palestine, Dr. Finley felt, was unique among all countries. Neither Jew nor Gentile nor Moslem had any exclusive title to it; rather, it belonged to all nations of the Western World tracing their spiritual descent from the works of the lawgivers, prophets, singers, and evangelists of Israel.

Dr. Finley said there was no hurry to make a final settlement of the question. He said Jew, Gentile and Moslem should be thankful that the British were in occupation. He thought it advisable to leave the administration of the country for an indefinite time to Britons, until the preliminary reconstruction of the land was well under way, until

the world had taken thorough counsel as to the future. The Holy Land at present, Dr. Finley declared, was administered by a remarkable group of Britons—scholars who combined with academic learning an executive ability which was everywhere apparent in the management of the country. Almost every act of these men, Dr. Finley stated, bore the mark of fine understanding of the native population and respect for their traditions.

"This fine attitude of the British is apparent in their official as well as unofficial acts," Dr. Finley continued.

Whatever is done with Palestine, Dr. Finley had this admonition to offer: that the example set by the British be kept in mind; that the rights of all the religious elements that have made the pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and now dwell there, be respected.

VII

PALESTINE AFTER THE WAR

The Jerusalem of today—its many nationalities and religions, its picturesqueness and its poverty—Characteristics of the Holy City and its present population.

By THEODORE WATERS
a Member of the *Christian Herald* Staff.

PALESTINE AFTER THE WAR

The City of Many Nationalities and Religions —Little Tragedies of the Slums—The American Colony's Good Work

By Theodore Waters

I GOT my first impression of the Holy City from the second story balcony of the Jerusalem Hotel. The latter is shaped like a wedge or a V where a small street runs into the Jaffa Road, and the balcony is hung on the point of the V, looking down the busiest thoroughfare in the city towards the Jaffa Gate. Up and down the road the biggest surge of the population ebbs and flows every day. It was very early evening when I first viewed the scene and the crowd for the most part was coming towards us, away from the Walled City. Down at the foot of the street was the Jaffa Gate, surmounted by the tall, white, square clock-tower with European time on two sides and Turkish time on the other two. It was put there at about the time they knocked down part of the wall to make a special entrance way for Emperor William and his suite and it dominates the situation, beautiful in itself, but monstrously out of keeping with the character of its surroundings, for instance the Tower of David

across the way, or the old deserted minaret that looms up from the other extreme of the Castle. From my balcony we could see over the tops of the houses of the city to the slopes of the hills, the nearest of which they called the Hill of Evil Counsel. Over the city flew thousands of swallows, swirling across and back, and on the streets below walked thousands of men, women and children. Every nationality under the sun seemed to be represented and every tongue on earth seemed to be spoken.

There were priests of all religious persuasions—Greek, Heretical, Uniate, Maronite, Holy Orthodox as to the Greek church; Nestorian, Gregorian (Armenian), Coptic (Egyptian), Abyssinian and Jacobite representing the Heretical branch; Greek Catholic, Chaldean (United Nestorian), Armenian Catholic, Coptic Catholic, Abyssinian Catholic, and Syrian Catholic representing the Uniate or Reunited; Maronite as to themselves, and, of course, plain Roman Catholic. These to the experienced eye could be distinguished by their garb and nationality as could be the variously clothed nuns. To me, that first evening, they were just a part of the color value of the passing parade.

Intermingled with the priests could be seen the Jews, the orthodox among whom could easily be distinguished by their round, furry-edged hats, their long gowns and the corkscrew curl hanging in front of each ear. Even the little boys proudly cultivated a wisp of hair which might soon become a greasy curl hanging down to the shoulder. These youngsters were really fair to look upon, for their features were regular and the whiteness of the skin being

common. Indeed, there is a saying in Jerusalem: "As fair as a Jewess." Their parents come from every country on earth. Then there were girls of all nationalities, religions, conditions and morals: Jewish girls, Armenian girls, Syrian girls, European-Christian girls, native Arab girls, Mohammedan girls with their faces veiled, some leading smaller girls, unveiled as yet, and each carefree against the time to come when she would be forced into a premature marriage with some enterprising Mohammedan who had money enough to pay for her. Intermixed with these were the cigarette-smoking natives, the stately strolling Arab refugees from Salt, beyond the Jordan, who had come in from the refugee camps or out from the Castle of David, where many of them were quartered at that time. With their long black robes and white head-dresses, they looked picturesque indeed.

Then there were the omnipresent small boys importuning the private soldiers to let them polish their boots, or begging the officers to let them hold their horses and adding thereby to the babel of voices that floated up from the crowd. The people of Jerusalem seem to talk in concert, and he or she who talks loudest has the best of the argument. I once heard a woman shrieking at a vegetable dealer in one of the covered streets of the Walled City. I could hear her long before I could see her, and I hastened towards the sound, full of the idea that a native fight was in progress. When I reached the place, the vender sat among his vegetables, hunched up, a dogged determined look on his face. His lips were moving but his words were

negligible, in fact I could hardly hear them, for over him menaced the woman in an attitude as though about to spring, her fingers spread wide apart, her long arms waving violently, malevolence flaming from her face and a torrent of Arabic hurtling from her mouth with a force that illustrated the power of the human lungs to the N'th degree. No one in the immediate neighborhood seemed to pay the slightest attention. I wondered what it was all about, when suddenly the man gave a peculiar movement of his body, which apparently was a sign of assent. The woman stopped talking immediately, dropped a coin into his hand, and walked off. It was just a little bargain concluded over a handful of produce!

So with English, French, Arabic, Hebrew, Yiddish, Greek, Latin, Armenian, Hindoostani and other languages too numerous to mention, all trying to voice their supremacy above the yelling of the donkey boys, the shouts of the camel drivers, the cries of the street peddlers, the neighing of the horses, the noise of the motor lorries, the honking of the auto horns, etc. The Jaffa road below my balcony that May afternoon was a pandemonium. It rose up and enveloped everything as a penumbra of sound to the ear, just as the dazzling whiteness that envelopes everything to the eye.

For Jerusalem is the white city of the world par excellence. Built on a range of limestone hills, its houses constructed of the same soft rock, the stone walls between its fields are of the same material, and the roads also the same, pulverized. It always was white, but since war came, the heavy motor-lorries

passing and repassing, keep on crushing and re-crushing the roadways with the result that a fine almost impalpable dust is constantly rising from them and settling down upon the buildings, the railings, the fields and the foliage, until everything soon pales under the touch and takes on the universal tint. Were it not for the sunshine—the sunshine that beats down upon everything without interruption, except during the few rainy months—one might liken it to a city enveloped in snow. At night indeed, the resemblance is marked, and a walk in the moonlight on the roads far out of the city carries with it a ghostly suggestiveness, particularly in the neighborhood of historic monuments, that is not quickly cast out of mind. But of course it is the Jerusalem of the daytime, under the sunshine, that conveys the most lasting impression. Indeed, it seems so bright and fair and happy that it was difficult for me to associate it that afternoon with cruelty and want, misery and starvation, a place the very inspiration of which is based on a tragedy enacted many centuries ago—a tragedy which has changed the sentiment of the whole world. Rather did it seem to me more like the land of the Lotus Eaters—"The land where it is always afternoon."

This, of course, was the mere surface picture—a first colorful view of the most polyglot city on earth. There must be something behind it all. Whence were all these people coming and where were they going? They were all human. They all had blood and bones and must have some form of profitable occupation, else they could not keep on living. They reminded me somewhat of the great New York crowd, which

every evening pours out of the Cloak and Suit belt, surges across Union Square, and spreads through the tenements of the East Side. I once followed that New York crowd and the result was not only interesting but instructive. I determined to follow this crowd, and see where it went. So I went down from the balcony and strolled up the Jaffa Road. This, of course, would take me away from the Walled City, but it was now evening and very little could be seen in the old city after dark. In fact, it is said to be quite dangerous for the stranger after sundown and even officers were forbidden to enter then, unless they had a special pass. I had one of these and the wording of it always created amusement among my friends. It was as follows:

PERMANENT PASS.

Major Waters of the American Red Cross has permission to enter the Holy City, Jerusalem, at all times of the day and night. *Signature.*

I picked my way up the Jaffa road between the camel train on one side and a line of motor lorries on the other, while the moving population chatted its way in and out and led me far afield. We passed a small public park where a military band had been giving an open air concert and the crowd which had been in attendance was just dispersing. They joined our own mob. They seemed to be about three-quarters Jews and one-quarter black-robed monks and they created a counter current which interfered

with the even flow of our stream. Presently we came to a high-walled enclosure on the right of the road. Part of the crowd kept on up the road, part turned to the right through a lane.

I asked an Englishman where the two streams were going. He pointed out that the great majority were Jews and were on their way to the Jewish Colonies, a number of which were located in the suburbs of the City. The crowd that turned to the right would enter a gate not far along and short-cut through the Russian Compound and so reach their own Colony by the shortest route. I determined to follow them. I turned to the right and presently entered the gate and came upon a scene that was to become very familiar to me, for, as it turned out later, the American Red Cross party, to which I was attached, took up its quarters in this very compound. It was a large enclosure with groups of buildings, the biggest of which was a Hospice in which were quartered the Russian pilgrims (men) who flocked to Jerusalem during pilgrimage season in Peace times. It now was concerned with many activities that had nothing to do with the Russian Church. Looking around, it was hard to believe that on this very spot Alexander the Great appeared before Jerusalem and met the high priest in his pontifical robes, and reverently saluting the "Sacred Name" inscribed on the priest's mitre, exclaimed, according to Murray: "I adore not the man, but the God with whose priesthood he is honored. When I was at Dios, in Macedonia, pondering how to subdue Asia, I saw this figure in a dream and he encouraged me to advance, promising to give me the Persian Empire. I look upon this as

an omen, therefore, that I have undertaken the expedition by divine command, and that I shall overthrow the Persian Empire." Following which Alexander granted the people of Jerusalem many important privileges.

The crowd passed out of a gate and again scattered through various streets, the trend being to the right. Presently we came to groups of buildings that looked for all the world like model tenements, except that they were not more than two stories high. The thinning crowd entered these or kept on in search of others just like them, the non-Jewish part of the population dodging into detached habitations here and there. After all, it was just the same old New York crowd, dispersing among its tenements but under different and more picturesque conditions.

I forged ahead and presently found myself skirting the wall of the old City. The road ran under the wall, and the battlemented character of the stone construction looked very impressive in the gathering twilight. The way turned squarely around the northeast corner of the wall and led down into the Valley of the Kedron. I followed over and up the face of the Mount of Olives. It was steep, but well worth the climb, for night was now falling and the lights of the City were beginning to shine out. Everything was rapidly being swallowed up in the gathering gloom, but I had a general idea of the location of the principal points of interest as they had been described to me. I knew, for instance, that the Temple Area lay far below me, across the Kedron, just inside the City Wall. I was considering the wonderful history of the Temple Area, when sud-



A Lace-making Madonna.

denly there came floating across the intervening space the voice of the Muezzin calling the faithful to evening prayer. It was a musical sound flowing through the night, for the Muezzin is usually picked among other things for the excellence of his singing voice. Years ago, he had to be blind as well, so that from the lofty gallery of his minaret he could not look down into the harem courtyards of neighboring houses.

The voice coming from the main tower of the Temple Area is said to be one of the most musical in Jerusalem. But it would be hard to say, for now farther away another voice could be heard calling "Allah is great and Mohammed is his prophet." And then another and another and still others. It was a wonderful concert—an aeolian effect rising above the Holy City and merging into a concert of sound which, when it finally died away, left the silence tinged with something too weird to describe. I sat on the hillside looking down at the slowly disappearing lights of the City when presently far in the distance I heard a different sort of concert—a combination of barks and shrill long-drawn-out howls. Stray dogs? No. Jackals, browsing around among the graves of the Jewish and Moslem cemeteries on the slopes of the hill. Ugh! It was depressing, decidedly. All of my feeling of rapport with the idealistic Jerusalem faded away. It was as though the hair of Mahomet over which the faithful will one day walk over the Kedron and so on to Paradise, had snapped. But so has it always been with Jerusalem. Maintained on a structure of beautiful ideals, Pagan, Jewish, Mohammedan, Christian, the

jackals of humanity have always been there to gnaw at her vitals.

I scrambled down the hill and along the dark roads, and so to the hotel and to bed, for I meant to be up early in the morning and follow that crowd back to its daily tasks.

Sure enough, the crowd was on its way back to the Walled City when I walked towards the Jaffa Gate next morning, and the swallows as usual were flying overhead. The sun was already beating down steadily on our heads. I had with me a young American who had lived in Jerusalem for some time, doing relief work. Ah yes, relief work. That reminded me. Where were all the misery and want and starvation and disease? The people around me seemed fairly happy, chattering earnestly and even gaily, judging from the frequent laughter. In fact, my day's observation had confirmed my first impression that this was the land of Peter Pan, the land where the people never grow up. Of course, I knew that misery was prone to hide its head, that the poverty of New York City, for instance, is not to be found along Broadway, where the tourist likes to foregather. Nevertheless I had a very distinct recollection of tales told me by missionaries who were compelled to leave Palestine when the United States entered the war—tales of men, women and children gathering wolfishly around public soup pots where they fought for extra bits and cried for more; tales of little children turned out to die because their parents could not feed them, children who were found later under arches in the public streets nearly dead with exposure and too weak from starvation

to crawl away—little human alley cats; tales of the women, with their broods of naked youngsters, who stood in the gates of the city moaning the wail of the dying, "Oh, God, I'm starving." Where were these? I asked my companion. "You shall see," he replied, tersely.

We continued our walk to the Jaffa Gate. At this point and at right angles to the Jaffa Road is the road that leads to Bethlehem. At one side of it and under the shadow of the Castle of David was a long line of vegetable and fruit venders. I suddenly remembered something else which I had been told. I asked: "Isn't that where the line of lepers used to be?" He acknowledged as much, but was not able to tell me just what had become of them. Also he did not know what had become of the innumerable dogs which used to snap at one's heels. In fact he opined that Jerusalem had lost several of its characteristics as a "Turkish City." But I resolved to find out what had become of the lepers and the dogs just the same. At any rate, there was no particular necessity for walking in the middle of the street at this place.

We threaded our way through the thickening throng of tall able-bodied men who apparently did nothing for a living, black-robed women, refugees from Salt, with tatooed lips and chins which gave them a repulsive appearance, greasy water carriers, who shoved their slimy goat-skins through the crowd regardless of who got wet, little boys and girls who ran after us and wailed for "backsheesh" with a monotony that convinced us it was a continuous performance, blind men who were projected bodily into

our persons by their attendants who made sure by this means that we did not overlook them. Permeating all, the smell of the people; emanating from all, the sweat of their bodies and over all the sunshine, beating upon head and head alike but carrying with it the saving grace of a powerful antiseptic.

As we passed the Tower of David and turned the corner of the Castle to the right, we looked up and in almost every window of this ancient pile there were faces of refugees, the people from Salt. Part of the moat that surrounded the Castle had obviously been filled in to make the main street through the Jaffa Gate. Children were playing in the place that had once been a formidable obstacle to the foes of the defenders. Children ran all over the place, on the drawbridge, or rather on the rickety wooden structure that now takes its place. Probably there were children playing in the dungeon, for it must have been cool down there, away from the sun's heat. Dungeons are not such terrible places under certain conditions, and I reflected that many a man in America has sat in his cellar to cool off on a hot summer day. The people in the upper floors of the Castle had evidently tried to approximate this effect by partly walling up the windows with piled-up rocks.

I thought we were going into the Castle, but my guide suddenly turned away and walked across the street to a wall with a gate in it, about which a crowd of women and children were congregated. He opened the gate and we stepped inside. I have been in some curious assemblages in my time, but this was most curious indeed. It was a soup kitchen operated by

means of moneys sent from England and America. The courtyard we had entered was crowded with women—veiled Mohammedan women for the most part—and with girls and boys and old men, each with a pitcher or a tin bucket or a receptacle of some sort, all waiting to have a day's rations ladled out to them.

So here were the people who used to throng the streets crying for bread. Yes, here were the people. A number of these kitchens had been established and every day a member of each family would come and fight for a place in the line, be identified, and go off with the soup to fill the empty stomachs at home. Of course, there was the usual deafening chatter, the vociferous berating by guards who tried to hold the crowd back, the perilous work of rescuing one's soup through the crowd when one got it.

I was much interested in the efforts of one little boy, possibly nine years old, who was convoying a bucket of soup from the big kettle to the outer gate. It was all he could carry, and must have been for a family of ten. Holding the handle with both hands, and bending over the precious liquid, he backed away, making passage for himself through the crowd by a series of thumps of his shoulders until he could go no further. He then laid the bucket on the floor and got on his hands and knees, out of my sight. He must have climbed between a man's legs, for I next saw him struggling beyond the man towards the door of the soup kitchen itself, and the bucket was with him. He could not carry it down the steps, so he laid it on the top step, ran down and around to the side, where he could easily get it off

on his arm. He staggered to the gate where a guard proceeded to let him out, but not before another little fellow had managed to stick his finger in the soup and lick it clean. The owner of the soup bucket cursed the religion of the other's forefathers as passionately as possible, and then the gate closed upon him and he was gone.

This cursing the religion of another's forefathers is very common and even the small children indulge in it. I was walking along in the old City one Sunday morning with one of our party who spoke Arabic fluently when some urchins, possibly seven or eight years of age, came out of a gate. One of them turned towards another and exclaimed violently in Arabic. I asked what he said. My companion replied: "He said: 'May God curse the father of her who told me.'" What *she* could have told him did not appear, nor did it matter, for the expression was not uncommon, and was notable only in that it came from the lips of one so young.

"Where do these people live?" I asked, and was informed that the Salt refugee women were from the Tower of David across the street. Some Jews lived in the Jewish quarter and the natives, Mohammedan and Christian, lived in hovels for the most part scattered throughout the city.

Meanwhile we were forgetting my crowd returning to its occupations of the day, so we resolved to walk out awhile and see what had become of it. We strolled along to the entrance of David Street, one of the most important thoroughfares of the old City. Beginning at the Jaffa Gate David Street extends practically due east to the Temple Area, thus dividing

the city in half, north and south. Beginning at the Damascus Gate on the north, Damascus Street runs due south to a little eastward of Zion Gate. Thus the city is cut into four quarters. That to the north-east is the Mohammedan Quarter; to the north-west is the Christian Quarter; to the south-east the Jewish Quarter, and to the south-west the Armenian Quarter. Each is, of course, characteristic of the people who inhabit it, but on David Street the four quarters meet in common.

David Street is really a narrow lane, a series of wide steps which run up or down, according to the slope of the land. On each side are the shops and stalls of merchants, and everything is sold in it and in the wretched intersecting thoroughfares, from vegetables to gold rings. Sweetmeat venders, shoemakers, bakers, jewelers, tailors, curio brokers, butchers, money changers, fruiterers and others too numerous to mention, harangue the crowd that shoves its way through the narrow spaces, and which includes everybody and everything from a Consular Cavass to fat-tailed sheep and long-eared goats. Very quickly we had turned off of David Street and entered stone-covered byways that smelled like damp caverns, as indeed they were. Ever and anon some one would enter a door in the wall of these caverns, mount a flight of steps, and come out on top into the sunshine, where stone hovels, one-roomed homes, were lived in by poor families, and had been so lived in for centuries.

We climbed up to one of these groups of cliff dwellings. There were probably eight or ten single-room homes in the place, four stone walls each in-

habited by from two to ten persons, to judge from the children running in and out. As far as I could see, there were no sanitary appliances. Some of the people, particularly children, lay sick on the floor of their hovels. Why any of them had escaped death by disease, was a mystery to me.

And that was a subject of speculation among many of my friends. Was it possible, argued one, that these people had lived so long amidst disease and dirt and general unsanitary conditions, that all but the very weak ones had become as it were inoculated against pestilence? For, be it remembered, these were not refugees driven to such stress by the exigencies of war, they were the regular dwellers of the place, who had lived in this way long before the war was thought possible, and who, left to themselves, will go on living in this way long after war is over. In that, of course, they are different from the refugees. They do not constitute the same problem. People there are who expect to change all this as soon as the immediate refugee problem has been disposed of. But there are other people who say it cannot be done, that East is East and West is West, and that oil and water are more easily mixed; that these people have the traditions, the habits and—most important of all—the mode of thought of centuries behind them, and that before they could become Westerners in spirit and principle, they would have to be born again.

"You can see one reason," said my guide, "why some of the people desire to live in the outer city, can you not? Even though they come here to work," he added.

I admitted that such a move to the suburbs was most commendable. But he was not sure that they were animated by such uplifting instinct. He thought it was more because they had been "crowded out" of the choice home sites we had just examined. "After all," he commented, "they love the squalor and the dirt. Take it away from them and they would be lonely. Drive your East Sider into the suburbs of New York, and he would get back at the earliest opportunity. Put him on Fifth Avenue, and the severe, clean, straight-front houses, with no one hanging from the windows, would get on his nerves. He would yearn for Avenue A."

I saw some more of "the squalor and the dirt" later in the day, when I accompanied a Red Cross doctor on his rounds among the poor. We were accompanied also by a woman Settlement worker. We entered the Old City through the New Gate and took our way down the crooked alleys which are called streets here. Some of these were covered ways, and on the roofs were stone hovels in which people lived out their lives. The stench of centuries was in the air of these tunnels. Strange people watched us curiously, and I thought resentfully, as we stepped gingerly along in our endeavor to avoid the filth under foot. After a while we came to an old door in the wall. Our woman worker, who had been there before, turned and pushed open the door and began mounting a flight of stone steps. They turned and curved and at last stumbled out upon an inclosure—or what might be called an elevated yard—around which was a collection of stone hovels. Everything is built of stone in this country. Faces

appeared at the bleared windows of the hovels and then people began to come out of the doors. Evidently we were an event in this aerie. Going up to the closed door of one house, our worker pushed it open and peered within. A woman, with streeling hair and very little clothes, welcomed her and pointed to what I at first thought was a heap of rags on the floor. The woman touched it gently with her dirty bare foot. There was a convulsive movement of the heap. Some of the rags uplifted, and out peered the bearded face of an emaciated man. He looked curiously into the face of our woman worker, and then fearfully at the doctor, for the latter, being of the Red Cross, had on the uniform of a captain in the United States army, and the people, driven as they have been by Turks in uniform ever on the lookout for extra taxes, look at all uniforms askance. Reassured, however, he told his symptoms and was prescribed for with as much dispatch as was consistent with an examination. There was but one room in this "house," and that room had probably been as it was for a thousand years. There was practically nothing in it as far as I could see; heaps of clothing in one corner, not a table, not a chair, but children, near naked, moving about under foot.

We went out into the sunshine and over the sloppy stones preparatory to going down into the noisome alley below. Almost immediately the worker was besieged with petitions from women who had gathered about the door and who knew of other sick ones in the surrounding hovels and wanted them to be treated. It was not to be, however, as the au-

thorities had designated a number of urgent cases, and these must be attended to first. So down we went again to the alley and along until we came to another door much like the first, and through into a courtyard of uneven levels and the usual amount of dirt. Women and children abounded, of course, and they led us readily to the door of the house where a sick child awaited our ministrations. The worker and the doctor went in. I took a hasty look and concluded to wait outside.

The patient was a little boy—a very sick little boy, as any one would have known at a glance. He moaned and cried while the doctor diagnosed his malady. They had raised him from his pallet of rags, and the movement caused him to lose what little dinner he had evidently eaten. The doctor noticed that he had been eating bread, and said it was not just the thing for the little fellow to eat in his condition. But as bread, in limited quantities at that, was all the family could afford, the advice was lost. He indicated to the worker that the child would have to be taken to the hospital at once. Then there was a great uproar. Take to the hospital? No! No! No! They would butcher him at the hospital! This feeling, which is common among the poor all over the world, was quieted when it was explained that the boy would probably die if he were not taken to the hospital. Meantime the women, some of them with families in prospect, crowded around the door and the children ran around under foot. "Tell them to keep those women and children away from that child," said the doctor to the worker just before we left the place. "It is

contagious." "What is it?" I asked as we wended our way through the alley. "He is coming down with typhus," replied the doctor sententiously. "But you will see more of it before we return."

And we did, many cases. In fact, Jerusalem had at the time not only many cases of typhus, but the doctors said the disease was on the increase. But why go on describing case after case of men, women and children down with infectious diseases? How can they help but be? Filth and squalor among the inhabitants, conditions unsanitary to the last degree. People living as they did a thousand years ago. It was not the fault of the present authorities. They have done all they can up to date to change matters for the better. But the job is huge—bigger in fact than one can appreciate without close investigation. It is the heritage left by past rulers. Centuries of fatalism and oppression have left the seal of their influence upon the people and they are not to be changed in a day. I could see it even in Egypt, which, as everybody knows, has improved wonderfully in the last decades; yet even there the lethargy of the East is all too apparent. No one there ever thinks of swatting one of the millions of flies that make life all but unbearable in the daytime, and this aside from the danger of disease transmitted through this agency. Very few think of screening windows. People go around carrying fly-swishers (a decorative handle holding a wisp of horsehair) with which to chase the pestiferous insect on to someone else. And Egypt has progressed. Why should not more or as much be expected of Jerusalem?

We came out of the old town through the Gate of Herod, and presently our guide remarked that over behind a little rise of ground was the Garden Tomb. Would we like to stroll that way? No, we did not think we would on this day, when within less than a thousand yards of the tomb of Christ we had so lately watched so many men, women and children, the spoil of the centuries, being drawn down so remorselessly, as it seemed, into the pit of misery, disease and death.

* * * * *

One morning I visited the Tower of David. It lies just inside the Jaffa Gate and forms part of the wall of the city. The present wall is the third that has been erected. The first wall is traditionally that erected in the time of David. The second wall, built during the Roman period, is the wall of the time of Christ. The present wall was erected by Suliemann the Magnificent, centuries later. So in somewhat the same manner the Tower of David has had its periods. It is asserted here positively that the lower part was of David's time, but that the upper parts were added as the centuries rolled on. How they could have manipulated such large pieces of rock in those early days is a mystery akin to that of the Pyramids. The great moat surrounding this castle is partly filled up; but it must have been a most effective defense in its day. And the great pile must also have proved a strong bastile for those who offended the kings. But now all is changed and nothing is left but the very rocks themselves. Yet you can walk through the old stone rooms, mounting floor upon floor until you stand far above the

city. You may even mount up the stairs of the minaret which surmounts the pile and gaze for miles over the surrounding landscape.

But if you take this journey today, you will be surprised at the occupants of the castle. No longer the kings and the feastings. No longer the warriors shooting their arrows through the narrow slitted windows. The Tower of David today is filled with a crowd of more or less miserable wretches. Arabs who come from far along the Jordan. Men who wear long black robes and white head-coverings decorated with two black cords. Women whose lips have been tattooed. People whose one purpose in life seems to be to do nothing but smoke cigarettes and rear large numbers of children, who squabble with one another and run all over the place. And over all, the inevitable dirt! These people are on rations, fed to them by the military authorities, and who have done everything possible to make their lot as pleasant as it could be made for a nomadic people cooped up in a city. But contrast the situation with that which existed when this castle was young. What a difference!

Even so, it is better that it should at last come to be a haven of refuge even for such benighted heathen as now occupy it, than be a place of reveling for kings and their concubines, or a place of long-drawn-out punishment for poor captives, for whom it was a torture chamber, without chance of escape.

"Come along and see the fellaheen," said Dr. Harry C. Hurd, one of our physicians, who, from the very first, had been working among the refugees. "You will find them interesting."

Hurd is the type of the genial physician whose one object in life seems to be the acquisition of a greater knowledge of the science of curing disease and its application with a broad sympathy among the suffering people. We climbed into a motor accompanied by Marcus. Marcus, by the way, is one of the characters of the Unit. He is more than that; he is an institution, is Marcus—a product of the peculiar stress through which Jerusalem has passed. He says he is fourteen years old. But he looks much younger and acts much older. He can read and write English, Russian, French, and Arabic, and he can speak but not write German. He has passed through all the régimes, Turkish, German and English, and he has taken toll of each in the acquiring of languages and backsheesh. Yet, strangely enough, he is both industrious and honest, and he is the sole support of his widowed mother. If you would know what he looks like, imagine a gnome about three and a half feet high, as broad as a brownie and as brown as a berry, with two big dark eyes that shine out of the middle of a perpetual smile.

"Let us first go to the old Turkish prison," said the doctor.

We rode on toward the outskirts of the city and stopped in front of an iron-barred stone building that had once been the detaining-place for people who did not agree in politics with the former rulers. We went inside and through to a middle courtyard containing some trees under which men, women and children lay stretched in the shade. Some of them were sick and some were not, but all seemed oppressed

with various stages of despair. And little wonder, for these people had once lived out in the surrounding hills and vales, content to take care of their little places in happiness. But the war had swept their all away, and so they had wandered in to Jerusalem as soon as it was taken by the British and had been assigned to this old structure, where there is at least shelter from the sun by day and from the chill by night. For sustenance they depend upon rations served to them daily by the military authorities. For the rest, they beg and occasionally work. And if there was no love of home in the world or the memory of loved ones long since slain, they might be accorded happy. But a roof over one's head and enough food in one's stomach are not all that is necessary to the sum of happiness.

The doctor went around among them, advising here, prescribing there, with little Marcus chattering his interpretations in his voluble way.

"This man, he have a great beeg pain in hees head. It hurt heem in the back of hees neck."

The man was lying in the midst of his family, on a blanket spread upon the ground. The doctor examined him, first insisting that he take off a wide neckcloth that nearly covered his head. Under the neckcloth was a rag that covered the back of the neck. The man demurred when the doctor attempted to take it away. Said Marcus:

"He say not to do that because he will not get well if you take it from heem."

But the doctor did take it away, and then he uttered an exclamation. "Just look at that, will you?" And everybody looked.



In the Lace Works, Jerusalem, Supported by The Christian Herald.

In the back of the man's neck was a piece of cord. It entered the skin at the side of the neck, continuing under the skin across to the other side, where the end came through. The two ends of the cord had been brought together on the outside and tied in a knot. Naturally it had suppurated, and the chance of blood poison was very great; but the man cherished it because it was the "cure" of a well-known native "doctor," who had ordered that it be kept there for seven years, after which the man's chronic headache would disappear and the cord might be taken out. It was shudderful even to think of. Yet the practice is by no means uncommon.

The doctor proceeded to give the man relief by other means, and continued his work among the people, until he had visited all the ailing ones the prison contained.

In the car again we sped away out of town toward the hills, and presently we came to an encampment of fellaheen, as the country-dwelling Arabs are called. They were picturesque in a forlorn way, their tents made of what looked like burlap, their clothes dilapidated, their cooking utensils dingy and dirty. The flat sides of the tents were raised so that it was easy to see the interiors.

In one tent, on a pile of bedding, lay a woman. The doctor found her with a fever and diagnosed the case as malaria. It seemed to be the prevailing ailment among these people, and it seemed to rage in most of the tents. Men and women crowded around with little children in their arms, and to these the doctor paid particular attention, for he is one of those sympathetic souls for whom the moan of a

child means just a little more than the complaint of an adult.

We got through after a while, and then we wended our way across the hills to an ancient monastery, once filled with Armenian monks. It was the retreat of pious pilgrims in the early centuries of the Christian era, but now it is the haven of refugees who, like their brothers of the Turkish prison, find in it a temporary harbor after the privations of war. It is full of large rooms with walls painted with pictures of saints and the likenesses of dignitaries of the Greek Church. Lying around on the floors were all sorts and conditions of men, women and children, and, as in the prison, some sick and some not. And some there were who merely pretended to be ill, so that they might be sent to a hospital, where perchance greater quantities of food were to be had. But the doctor had an abundant intuition which enabled him to detect the sham from the real thing, so he was not to be imposed upon.

There was enough of the real, however, to take up all of his attention. In one room an old man lay dying under a window through which a beam of the setting sun came and shone upon his face. It was to be probably his last sensation from the outside world of nature. Across the room lay an old woman. She was half naked, dirty and blind. The doctor did what he could for her, but there was very little he could do. Her span of life was practically run. The gloom of the room followed us out into the sunshine, and would not be dispelled. We crossed the courtyard and came upon a young mother sobbing over a baby, perhaps two years old. The doctor

lifted up the covering that rested raggedly upon it. Its stomach was swelled enormously. "Enlarged spleen," remarked the man of medicine, and gave directions for having the suffering child removed at once to the hospital.

On the way out of the monastery, we looked into the chapel—the last evidence of what the ancient functions of the old pile had been. There was one lone monk in attendance. He took us back of the altar and allowed us to gaze down into a hole in the floor at a remnant of the root of a tree which he declared to be the identical tree from which the cross of Christ had been cut. The thought of the world-stirring tragedy implied in his assertion only added to our gloom, so we hurried out to the motor car and back to Jerusalem.

"Some things they are very bad to see," remarked little Marcus as we sped along. "My Doctor Hurd, he is not happy today."

* * * * *

Jerusalem is full of little stories that are well worth the telling.

I was walking up the road that leads toward the Russian Compound where we are quartered, when the door of a shop opened and out stepped a little old man with a broom in his hand. The place was the Jerusalem depot of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The old man, who had on no hat, looked like the personification of Socrates, or at least like the commonly accepted likeness of the latter. His pate was bald on top, but it was edged with long white hair that hung upon his shoulders. His thick

unkempt beard was also as white as snow and hung far down his breast. His face was yellow, as is common with those of advanced years, for his age must have been far past the threescore-and-ten mark. His name is Whelan—Michael Matthew Whelan—and he is one of the well-known characters of the city. This is his story, which, by the way, was not told by himself:

When Turkey entered the war there was a great scurrying on the part of all the English and their sympathizers to leave Palestine. The general departure in fact took on the semblance of a panic, and among others who wanted to get away was the young man who was temporarily in charge of the Bible depot. He was in doubt what to do with the stock of Bibles. He couldn't take them with him, and he did not know whom to place in charge. Then along came Whelan. He had met Whelan before, and knew him for a student of prophecy. Whelan was stranded and was literally without a place to sleep, but being an American he was without much fear of the Turk. He offered to take charge. The custodian promptly fled and Whelan as promptly moved in. He procured an old cot somewhere and moved it in behind the counter. He slept there by night and waited for customers during the day. Few came, and he had to depend upon kind-hearted friends for food.

One day the door opened, and in stalked a Turkish officer who demanded the payment of taxes.

"Taxes!" replied Whelan. "Why, if I had money to pay you taxes, I'd have spent it for something to eat long ago."

The Turk told him that if he did not pay up, his stock of Bibles would be taken. Whelan merely replied that he had no money. The Turk shrugged his shoulders and promised to return. He did in a short time, and renewed his threats. Whelan, having nothing to give, sat tight and waited for the Turk to act.

Presently a squad of Turkish soldiers came and began to take the Bibles off the shelves and tie them up in packages for removal. Then another Turkish officer walked in and began to examine them. Some were in the Greek language, some in Russian, and others in languages he did not recognize at all. He demanded of Whelan to know what good were such Bibles to do the Turk. Where they could be sold? Whelan didn't know and couldn't tell him. He was an angry Turk. Plainly there was no graft to be had there, so he mentioned a few maledictions to Whelan and went off in a rage, leaving the Bibles standing on the counter. Whelan undid the packages and put the Bibles back on the shelves.

In the course of time, the English under General Allenby entered Jerusalem. And presently in their wake came the Port Said agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society. He walked into the depot and there sat Whelan, clad in a nondescript costume that was a cross between that of a whirling dervish and the slop-chest of a stranded sailor. He told Whelan who he was. Whelan was not at all impressed. Any one might walk in there and tell him that tale. He was in charge and meant to remain in charge. The agent began to think he had a problem on his hands. He could never leave this strangely clad old man

to represent his society, and besides the place was very dirty. Furthermore, he had heard that, since the English came in, Whelan had been selling many Bibles. Whelan admitted it. But, protested the agent, those Bibles belonged to his society, and of course the money should have gone to it. Said Whelan: "How could I send the money to your society when there was no way to send it?"

A new thought dawned on the agent. "Do you mean," he replied, "that you've got the money?" Whereupon Whelan informed him that he had the money intact, except what he had spent for the bare necessities of life.

The agent did not oust Whelan, and he was glad he did not when he heard of another incident concerning the old man. It will be remembered that when General Allenby entered the city he did it in so unostentatious a manner that the praise of it went around the world. But there was one other happening attendant on that entry that many people here accept as a presage that Jerusalem will not pass back into the hands of the Turk. Just as the generals entered the gate a little white-bearded old man pressed his way through the crowd and, waving aloft one of the best Bibles from the depot, pressed it into the hand of the nearest general (he could not reach Allenby), and exclaimed: "Enter the Holy City in the name of the Lord!"

Yes, old Whelan is one of the characters of the city. Many English officers have heard of him, and almost any day you will find one or more sitting in the depot listening to the old man discourse on the Bible. Some people have called him a crank, but he

manages to sell a great many Bibles just the same. I forgot to say that when the agent for the society realized, during his first visit to Whelan, the kind of person he was, he asked the old man on leaving if there was anything he could do for him, and the reply was characteristic:

"No, I guess not. But yes, now that I think of it, you might send me a shirt. I have not had one on for months."

* * * * *

However, it must not be surmised from the foregoing that there is nothing but gloom and misery in Jerusalem. It so happened that on my entrance to the Sacred City it was my portion to be shunted into those bypaths of hopelessness which it does not usually befall the occasional visitor or tourist to tread; and so, while I am calling it as forcibly as possible to your attention, in order to show how much Jerusalem really needs the help of the Christian world, there is another side which needs a glorious mention. That is the side which includes its deliverance from the Turks. Never has the city apparently been as happy as since the Turk was driven out, and the real wish of the people is that he never will be allowed to come back. Already the present army has started in to look after the welfare of the people. The roads have been improved and widespread sanitation is receiving large attention. The introduction of fresh running water is being arranged. The maladies and the foibles of the people are being treated from the humanitarian standpoint. The exorbitant system of taxes is abolished.

The people are learning that oppression has been suppressed, that they are privileged to live their own lives as well as they may, consistent with law and order. And the effect on the public mind is already apparent. I can see the vision of a new Jerusalem, I mean it in a civic sense, and I can see it also as the most wonderful shrine in the world, to which people from every part of the earth will come with wonder and delight to find their ideals fulfilled, and their reverence for the name of Christ exalted indeed.

This was substantiated by an experience immediately following my excursion with the Red Cross Doctor. There were two roads home to our hotel, and I chose to follow that taken by the settlement worker. It led me past the domicile of the American Colony. We approached the high wall and touched a push button in the wall. We were almost immediately admitted through a gate into a compound, and the effect was as though we had been transported magically from the East to the West. Without the wall, all was hot sunshine and white dust; within the wall, the sunshine shone as well, but all was green, and the white dust didn't seem to be so perceptible; in fact, it was a garden in which little children in American dress ran about on the nicely kept paths and upon grass which grew between the flower beds. We were ushered into a house, thick-walled, like all the houses in Jerusalem, but furnished in western style. Almost all the houses I had been in so far were of Mohammedan character. Mohammedans do not believe in pictures; in fact, pictures are forbidden. The chief furnishing of the living rooms

seems to be a couch or divan which runs continuously around the walls, a convenient place for reclining; but in this house there were modern furniture, beautiful pictures and a welcome in the truest Western fashion.

The hostess was Mrs. Bertha E. Vester, and she told us stories of the days when the Turks ruled Jerusalem, and how, when the war broke out, she realized the necessity of opening a hospital for the benefit of wounded soldiers. She secured the use of a hotel just inside of the Jaffa Gate, and with the help of some of the members of the American Colony and one or two doctors who were available, proceeded to take care of such wounded soldiers as were assigned them by the Turkish army. The whole idea was humanitarian, yet her efforts were looked upon with suspicion by the Turks. The little band of workers was without supplies, and bandages had to be washed and used over and over again. They kept up the work under the most trying circumstances, until finally the English captured the city, and Jerusalem was delivered.

During that dark period, almost no word of the progress of the war was received in the city, the Turkish censorship being of the strictest character. It was a time of the greatest anxiety. Never a day passed without the possibility of some member of the family being carried away into captivity by the Turks, and probably, had it not been for the wonderful work which was being done in the hospital, even the earnest workers of the American Colony might have been carried off; but even the Turks recognized the tremendous good the American

Colony was doing. It was a time when the crying of starving orphans in the streets was a daily occurrence. Many of these orphans were taken in and harbored by the American Colony, although their food supply was already too scanty for even their own use.

There was a time when the American Colony was supplied with plenty of means to be applied to the relief of the poor of Jerusalem, but now it was only possible for them to share what at times became, literally, a crust of bread. Most of the able-bodied men of the city had been forced to join the army. Available food went first to the army, and the widows and the children left behind had nothing but the scrapings of already emptied larders. To show the difference, the following story may be related:

Before the general European war had started, the *Christian Herald* of New York received a sum of money to be used for helping the women and children of Palestine. At the time it was thought best to send this money to the American Colony, which, in its turn, was to use it in employing women and teaching children in the making of lace. This lace was to be sent to the United States and sold, and the proceeds were to be sent back again to Palestine, so that more and more women might be employed, and thus earn an honorable livelihood. Any profits made from the sale of lace were to be turned back for the promulgation of the charity, as was originally intended by the people who contributed the initial amount. The plan worked well and hundreds of women were able to make a livelihood. Some of the lace was even sold in Jerusalem, and the money re-

ceived was used to employ more women. Finally, a large quantity of lace had been made and was about to be shipped to the United States, when the declaration of war disorganized all shipping facilities. Everybody who could get away had made arrangements to go, and a veritable panic seized all foreigners who were afraid of being detained by the Turks. The last party of these, mostly Americans, left on a warship. What to do with the lace, however, was a problem, and the American Colony even sent a representative in the person of Mr. John D. Whiting, to arrange for sending a trunk-load of lace to the United States on the last warship that left the Mediterranean shores. Mr. Whiting was unable to accomplish his purpose and had to bring the lace back from the seaport to Jerusalem.

Of course, all business stopped in Jerusalem, except where the necessaries of life were concerned, and naturally the making of lace waned, as there was no possibility of selling it. Samples of the lace were placed on sale in the American Colony's store, but until the English entered Jerusalem, hardly any of it was disposed of. Then a strange and yet natural thing happened. English officers, visiting the store, began to purchase pieces of the lace as souvenirs to send home to their mothers, their wives, or their sweethearts. The lace business, which had been started by the money sent by the *Christian Herald* subscribers, immediately sprang into being again. A building for the housing of the workers was secured for the American Colony, and hundreds of women who had been idle for a long period began to apply for thread to make more lace.

"Come," said Mrs. Vester, "and let me show you something in the way of constructive charity."

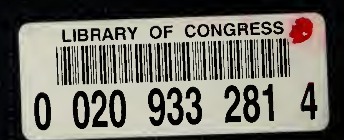
She led me through the garden and through a field to a stone building protected from the road by a stone wall. We entered the first floor. All the rooms were crowded with women and young girls, some of them knitting and some engaged at pieces of fancy-work, representative of various districts surrounding Jerusalem. Some of the women were expert lace-makers, and the younger ones were all learning the art.

"You see," said Mrs. Vester, "here is where we train them. Later, when they have become proficient, they may go home and keep up the work without the necessity of coming here every morning. We have employed teachers who hold classes every day, so that these young girls will not be without the advantages of some intellectual training while they are learning to make lace. They are being taught better Arabic and English. Since the British Forces arrived in Jerusalem, the girls are particularly anxious to learn English. One of the chief benefits is the fact that they are kept from running the streets. I cannot make too much of the importance of this. Of course, it is not as bad in Jerusalem as it was, but in the old days, when the Turk was in control, the probability of an unprotected girl going wrong was very great. This was not due to any natural bent in the wrong direction, but because so many of them were without the very necessaries of life and were willing to do anything to procure them.

"The girls are very happy in their work," she

added. "They are earning an honest livelihood, and are not compelled to accept charity. It is our intention to extend this work, so that every girl who wants to do so can learn the art of lacemaking and make a living by it."

THE END


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